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THE WAR.

THE war has begun in earnest, although it is impossible at present to understand precisely what has happened, or to estimate its importance. But it is scarcely possible that the reported German success under the CROWN PRINCE has not some solid basis of fact; and, if so, the mere fact that in the first action where the troops have really encountered each other the advantage has remained with the Germans carries a special weight with it. The capture of Saarbrück pleased the Parisians when they first heard of it, and, with their supreme ignorance of everything out of France, they would not have been much surprised to hear that the only obstacle to a French entry into Berlin had been thus removed. It also answered the purpose of permitting the EMPEROR to make a hero of his little son, and to show him as the destined head of the army, not only by birth, but by his extraordinary coolness under fire. The point made of the child picking up a bullet and smiling at it, one of the soldiers near him bursting into tears, appears to English readers eminently theatrical and probably apocryphal. But it is well suited to the French taste, and no Frenchman, except a few bitter Republicans, will think of disbelieving it. If Englishmen were aware of the profound conviction entertained by all Parisians that the EMPEROR, if he loses a great battle, will never come back to Paris, and will quietly go off with his boy to Switzerland or England, they would pardon the devices of a father who seeks to instil the impression that his son is as necessary and creditable to France as he is himself, and that neither of them can be spared. But the success of the Germans at Weissenburg is of quite another character than that of the French at Saarbrück. It was fought in part by Bavarians, and if the PRINCE IMPERIAL has had his baptism of fire, so also now has United Germany. The Bavarians will feel that, by accepting at once of Prussian guidance, they have been led to victory. The Germans, indeed, of the North never had that opinion of themselves which Europe generally appears to have entertained, but reckoned that they had as much right to expect to beat the French as the French had to expect to beat them. But there were many elements of uncertainty. There was the Chassepôt, there were the mitrailleurs, there were the French *corps d'élite*. Germans honestly thought that the superiority in these respects of the French might subject Germany to reverses at first. It is impossible that a new and most valuable amount of self-confidence should not be inspired into troops who find that they can carry heights against Chassepôts and mitrailleurs, and can bring in unwounded Turcos as prisoners. In France such an event would seem wholly incredible. The ordinary Frenchman is thoroughly persuaded of three things—that his nation suffered an insult that nothing but blood could wipe out; that the war cannot last more than a month, as the Prussian army will be killed off by the Chassepôt; and that the French army carries with it a prescriptive right to conquer, because it is the champion of liberty and civilization. The affair at Weissenburg would be a rude shock to such ideas, but there is no chance of any one in France knowing anything about it until its importance has been eclipsed by that of subsequent engagements. Still, if we can suppose that this first success of Germany, however slight, shows that the German army can really hold its own, sometimes losing battles, sometimes winning them, sometimes advancing, sometimes retreating, it is certain that the war would before long present itself in a totally different light to the French people. Whether they would wish that it should stop or be waged with increased fury, no one can pretend to guess; but it is certain that the war is popular in France because it is held to be a magnificent occasion of showing off a rapidly triumphant French army to the world; and that scenes like that at

Weissenburg are totally out of keeping with the desired effect.

The controversy between the diplomatists of France and Germany as to which of their bodies is guilty of the concealment, and which of the concealment, of the design to seize on Belgium, has almost burnt itself out, so intense has been its fire. The resources of diplomacy are exhausted when each combatant has accused the other of direct falsehood. Among all the clouds of assertion and denial it remains clear that Count BENEDETTI wrote out the terms of a treaty for the appropriation of the country of an unoffending neighbour, whose neutrality and independence the State he represented had guaranteed. It is equally clear that Count BISMARCK either suggested such a project, or, as he says, permitted it to remain unknown to the friendly States, and especially to England, on whom it was an attack. When Count BISMARCK refused the EMPEROR an inch of German soil after Sadowa, he took care to let it be known to all the world that France had made the demand and had been refused. But when Belgium was in question, he at least, to use his own words, let France suppose he might agree to an extension of territory in that quarter, without making any express promise. Nothing will shake the conviction of most Englishmen that France and Prussia have on many occasions in the last four years discussed the appropriation of Belgium by France, in defiance of England, as a thing having so much to recommend it as to make it worth serious discussion. That Count BENEDETTI and Prince NAPOLEON entered on such discussions without knowing very well that the EMPEROR would approve of their doing so, is totally incredible. Count BISMARCK may perhaps have never let his Royal master into the secret. But the fact remains that those who were then masters of France and Prussia consulted as to the advisableness of extinguishing Belgium by sheer force. We cannot feel as partisans of one more than of the other side. But now that the whole truth is known, we are obliged to look our position in the face, and see what we can do and ought to do, and what turn of events will be most advantageous to us. Obviously it is France, not Germany, that wants Belgium. It is a great object to Germany that France should not have Belgium, and a strong united Germany is likely to secure this object as nothing else could do. If Germany holds her own against France, and if it is thoroughly understood that England means to go to war if Belgium is seized, the independence of Belgium is placed on its only possible permanent basis. It is strange, however, how even now the French official press and the proclamations and manifestoes of the French Government persist in ignoring the fact that it is Germany that France is opposing, and not Prussia, and that the Germans resent French interference in their affairs quite as much as they resent French intrusion into their territory. The EMPEROR will have it that he goes to save Germany from despotism, and the *Journal Officiel* recounts the efforts of French diplomacy to keep Germany weak and divided, as if these efforts deserved the utmost gratitude from Germans, and as if their failure ought to justify even in German eyes the waging of a war against that odious Power who made them fail.

All the greater nations, and most of the smaller, remain unshaken in their expressions of determination to keep out of the war if possible. England, it is said, is entering into the most positive engagements with Italy and Austria to this effect, and Russia has tried to allay alarm by not only proclaiming her intention to be strictly neutral, but also by pointing out that her interference in that Eastern Belgium, the Danubian Principalities, is precluded by treaties, and is therefore quite out of her contemplation. Sweden has also thought proper, with the French fleet so near her shores, to disarm suspicion and to make it

clear that she will not willingly take any part in the fight. Denmark alone remains doubtful, for in Denmark sympathy with France is like sympathy with France in Ireland, and is a popular sentiment unsupported by experience or by political calculations. If Denmark joined in the war, a new sea of troubles would instantly arise; for Prussia on its side would seek other assistance, and France would greatly lose the power of accepting or proposing peace at any moment. The fate of her tiny ally would have to be considered, and either Denmark would be deceived, and would find that her alliance with France had left her where she is now, or the defeat of Germany must be very indisputable if France is at once to gain German soil on the Rhine, and Denmark to gain it in the Duchies. The Court and the wiser portion of Danish society are sufficiently alive to the force of circumstances and to the earnest recommendations of England to avoid running a great and unnecessary risk. The popular excitement in Denmark will probably die away if it is found that in the main contest the fortunes of Germany and France are tolerably equal. Europe, therefore, is for the moment tolerably tranquil, although what an anxious kind of tranquillity it is can be judged from the sudden measures of precaution and preparation taken by England. In a small way one of the most notable events of the day is the evacuation of Rome. The tiny force locked up was of absolutely no consequence to France in a struggle against Italy; and while the priests call out that they are deserted, it does not seem any gain to Italy to renew to France a pledge that Italy will maintain the independence of the Pope if she is left in sole charge of it. Why, then, has Rome been evacuated? Probably because the EMPEROR has judged it wise and necessary to make so much of a concession to French Liberalism. It seemed absurd in French eyes that all Paris should be ringing with the "Marseillaise," and the fervour of troops should be excited by assurances that France is going to fight against despotism, and yet that at the same time despotism should be able to point its finger with triumph to the employ of French troops in the service of the priests. Whether the evacuation is final, and what is really meant by it, will probably only be determined when the great events now in course of happening shall have decided the question that seems to be so rapidly ripening to a solution, whether France is or is not once more to try the experiment of a Republic.

PARLIAMENT AND THE CRISIS.

LORD GRANVILLE'S speech has removed the unfavourable impression which had been produced by Mr. GLADSTONE'S ill-judged reserve. The tone of the House of Commons on Monday last was more assuring than the speeches either of the First Minister or the leader of the Opposition. Mr. GLADSTONE'S unconsciousness that the weak reticence of Lord ABERDEEN'S Government had anything to do with the Russian war illustrates in the least satisfactory manner his obstinate silence on the question of Belgium. In his first speech he never referred to the subject on which public anxiety is concentrated, and the pressure placed upon him by almost every speaker only extorted from him the vague declaration that the Government had, on grave consideration, taken the steps which in their judgment were best calculated to secure the establishment of confidence and security. In the judgment of most persons the step best calculated to promote confidence and security would have been a distinct announcement of the intention to make aggression on Belgium a case of war. It is possible that full notice may have been given to the belligerent Governments, or rather to the probable assailant of Belgian independence; but a public statement in the House of Commons would have been addressed to the sceptical people of France, while diplomatic communications are confined to the knowledge of their Government. Count BISMARCK, in one of his late despatches, comments with unusual frankness on the characteristic ignorance of French statesmen with reference to foreign nations. The pacific policy which England has cultivated for many years receives only one interpretation among Frenchmen, who are incapable of understanding that a distaste for war can be attributed to any cause except cowardly selfishness. The irresistible outburst of national indignation which forced Lord ABERDEEN and his colleagues into an unwilling resistance to Russia perhaps attracted little attention in France, where the Government led the country into war. The belief that, as American journalists were some time since in the habit of saying, England cannot be kicked into a war, might perhaps matter little if it were only affronting; but it is also

in the highest degree dangerous. The Society of which Mr. RICHARD was Secretary and Mr. CORBET the most conspicuous member shared with Lord ABERDEEN'S Government the chief responsibility for the Russian war. The Emperor NICHOLAS was, like the subjects of the Emperor NAPOLEON at the present moment, deluded into the belief that the organ of one among many forms of English opinion expressed the deliberate judgment of the nation. The error was confirmed by the steady refusal of the English Government to make the passage of the Pruth equivalent to a declaration of war. The Peace Society is now either extinct or obscure and forgotten; but Mr. GLADSTONE is as unwilling in 1870 as in 1853 to prevent actual war by recognising its contingent possibility. The late pledges of the Emperor of the FRENCH apply only during the continuance of the German war. It may be fully believed that he has no present intention of violating the neutrality of Belgian territory for military purposes, but his agents intrigued for the acquisition of Luxemburg immediately after the conclusion of the treaty by which its present condition was guaranteed, and they proposed a conquest of Belgium with the full knowledge that France was bound by the Treaty of 1831. The semi-official French papers began by an ominous and concerted attack upon the Belgian Government, at the very moment when they were stirring up public feeling with disastrous success in preparation for the rupture with Germany. A declaration of the determination of England to protect Belgium is at this moment unusually inoffensive, because, according to the French version of the Secret Treaty negotiation, it was Prussia rather than France which proposed an act of nefarious spoliation. The risk of aggression would be at the highest, if, after an indecisive conflict, the belligerents agreed to make peace, like duellists after the first fire, on the terms of withdrawing on both parts all hostile imputations and designs. The Emperor of the FRENCH might be tempted to alleviate the disappointment of his countrymen by substituting Belgium for the portion of Germany which has long been vainly coveted by France. At such a crisis his decision would almost certainly depend on the question whether the aggression would or would not involve a war with England. It is, on all accounts, fortunate that the doubts left by the PRIME MINISTER'S reticence have been removed by the subsequent declaration of the FOREIGN SECRETARY.

While Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech was only objectionable on account of its omissions, Mr. DISRAELI contrived, with a perverse ingenuity, to accumulate a series of original and mischievous blunders. From the multifarious clauses of the Treaties of Vienna he extracted the most irrelevant and obsolete of their provisions in the shape of a guarantee given by the other Powers of certain Saxon districts which were then annexed to Prussia. Students of the history of the time will have been almost more utterly puzzled by Mr. DISRAELI'S citation than the ordinary politicians who may imagine that Prussia was fifty or sixty years ago exempt from territorial ambition. The reluctance of the King of Prussia and his Minister to accept a part of the kingdom of Saxony was exclusively caused by their desire to obtain the whole. For this purpose they co-operated with the Emperor ALEXANDER, who was equally bent on the acquisition of the whole or the greater part of Poland; and the consequent schism in the Congress during the early spring of 1815 had widened so far that Lord CASTLEREAGH was prepared to enter into a treaty with France and Austria against Prussia and Russia at the moment when the negotiations were interrupted by the departure of NAPOLEON from Elba. When the Congress resumed its sittings after Waterloo, Prussia was compelled to acquiesce in the division of Saxony, and probably the guarantee was given as a formal concession which might in some degree compensate for the disappointment of more ambitious projects. Mr. DISRAELI'S inference from his unseasonable discovery was even more preposterous than his misdirected researches. He contended that, in virtue of her guarantee of the possession by Prussia of a province long since indistinguishably merged in the monarchy, England acquired the right or incurred the duty of intervening in any war in which Prussia might be engaged. Prussian Saxony is not exposed to any exceptional danger of French invasion, and even if it became a scene of hostilities, no foreign enemy would think of claiming the territory at the conclusion of peace. The guarantee would be equally applicable and equally binding if Prussia were engaged in war with Spain, or with the United States, and might have been far more appropriately invoked during the war of 1866, when an Austrian victory might not improbably have caused a re-

adjustment of the boundary of Prussia and of the kingdom of Saxony, which was then an ally of Austria. As a general rule, liability to fulfil a guarantee only accrues on the demand of the party to whom it has been given as a security. Prussia has not insisted on the performance of any obligation contracted by England at Vienna, and it would have been an act of extraordinary impertinence to volunteer a protectorate of a district in the heart of Prussia. As Mr. GLADSTONE conclusively showed, the change of circumstances since 1815 renders the maintenance of the Treaty of Vienna impossible. A BONAPARTE is on the throne of France, which is augmented by the annexation of Savoy and Nice, and the war which he has commenced is not against Prussia, but against a North-German Confederation which was unknown to the diplomatists of Vienna. It would probably be found, on examination of the Treaties of 1815, that every territorial change since effected in Europe violates some guarantee given by some or all of the Great Powers. Mr. DISRAELI's proposal is the more extraordinary because it is evident from his speech that he inclines rather to Germany than to France. An offer to meddle with Prussian Saxony would be especially offensive to the Prussian or North-German Government.

Mr. DISRAELI's practical proposal was still more objectionable and dangerous. It is well known that Russia favours the cause of Prussia, and an alliance between England and Russia would necessarily appear to be directed against France. The most urgent reason for limiting the area of the war is the inexpediency of giving Russia a pretext for creating disturbances in the East while the attention of the Central European Powers is diverted by more pressing necessities. A convention with Russia would exclude Austria and Italy, which are far more nearly concerned in the restoration of peace, although they may not have guaranteed Prussian Saxony. It is also surprising that a statesman who professes an acquaintance with history should have thought fit to recommend an Armed Neutrality. The title was adopted in the extreme peril of England by the unfriendly Powers who were not actually parties to the war. If the phrase were now revived, it would be universally and naturally understood as a declaration of passive hostility to France. Mr. DISRAELI threw away a great opportunity, and he afforded to Mr. GLADSTONE, whose speech was otherwise open to severe criticism, an argumentative triumph. Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE and Mr. FAWCETT spoke more directly to the purpose than either of the rival leaders; and of all those who took part in the debate Sir H. BULWER offered the most valuable contribution to the elucidation of recent diplomatic scandals. It appears from his statement that TALLEYRAND, who, as Sir H. BULWER incidentally remarked, was not M. BENEDETTI, proposed to Prussia the annexation of Belgium by France in 1831. TALLEYRAND, however, abstained from giving the Prussian Government an autograph copy of his proposal, and Lord PALMERSTON and Count BULOZ thought it better to keep silence.

The short conversation in the House of Lords on Tuesday proved that Mr. GLADSTONE had done himself and his colleagues injustice. It would be ungenerous to grudge Lord RUSSELL the credit of his spirited expression of the general feeling, and of his success in extracting for the first time a distinct official acknowledgment of the duty of England to Belgium. It seems that a courteous but intelligible warning had already been addressed to the belligerents, but it was essential that the deliberate policy of the nation and the Government should be publicly known in France, in Prussia, and above all in Belgium. Lord GRANVILLE's language was intelligible without being indiscreet, and, whatever may be the nature of the additional communications which are promised to Parliament, the country has reason to be satisfied.

OUR DEFENCES AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE most noteworthy feature of the recent discussions on military affairs is the extreme self-complacency displayed by Mr. CHILDERS and Mr. CARDWELL. If all they have said is to be taken without any deduction, our navy is almost a match for the combined strength of Europe, while our army has never been so strong since the Waterloo campaign. Without going quite so far as General HERBERT, who characterized this attitude as quite appalling, we must acknowledge that it would be more satisfactory if the Ministers had been able to remove doubts apparently well grounded, and if the few figures and details to which they committed themselves had been as encouraging as the confidence which was expressed in language composed of cheerful generalities.

The facts as to the army, so far as they can be gathered,

seem to be these. We have at present at home 40,500 infantry, of whom the greater part are and must remain in Ireland. The total number of troops is stated to be above 82,000, which would leave a much larger proportion of cavalry and artillery than one would have expected, unless the enumeration includes, as we suppose it must do, the force of Marines, who cannot fairly be reckoned on the strength both of the army and the navy. This means that an army of some 30,000 or 40,000 is the outside, and more than the outside, of what we could put into line if necessary. The 20,000 recruits whom it is proposed to raise would (perhaps by the time the war was over) increase this force to a proportionate extent, and the Militia reserve of 21,000, with 80,000 Militia proper, would after a due interval be available for the actual defence of the country. With these means it is quite clear that we could not, on the most pressing emergency, send a man abroad without leaving the country practically undefended at home; and it cannot be forgotten that we are pledged, if need be, to protect Belgium, and that the country is determined that the pledge shall be fulfilled. It would be but an illusory sort of assistance on our part to send good wishes across the water and keep our scanty muster of soldiers at home, and yet this humiliation is what we should have to submit to unless the Government are prepared to put into effective condition the only other force on which we can rely for the defence of our dockyards and our coasts. The manner in which the Government is dealing with the Volunteers is wholly unintelligible. Either the force ought to be disbanded at once as a mere mockery and delusion, or it should be put into fighting order without delay. For many years we have been spending some 300,000*l.* a year upon a force which either is or is not capable of being converted into a trustworthy means of defence. If it cannot be so converted, all the past expenditure of money by the nation and by the Volunteers themselves, and all the honest and enthusiastic effort which has brought the force up to its present stage of efficiency, has been absolutely wasted. We do not for a moment entertain this view, and Mr. CARDWELL himself professes to place much reliance upon the Volunteer army which he has so sedulously snubbed. But without meaning the faintest disparagement, we do say, what every experienced soldier will confirm, that the Volunteers are not, and cannot become, a serviceable army without at least some months or weeks of assiduous drill; nor even then, until they are armed with effective weapons, and supplied with the organization without which they are nothing but a collection of more or less disciplined battalions. If they are left without a word being said to tell them that their services are wanted, or a finger being lifted to provide for their armament and supply, the war will come, if it should come, upon England too rapidly to admit of this vast reserve of strength being turned to useful account. It will be no fault of theirs if, under such circumstances, they prove as worthless as Mr. CARDWELL seems anxious to make them. It should never be forgotten that for the perfecting of such a force the one great motive power is enthusiasm. Enthusiasm taught them the rudiments of their duty ten years ago with a rapidity which astonished the most experienced soldiers. Enthusiasm made of them marksmen not to be approached by the regular soldiers of our own or any other army. Enthusiasm filled their ranks and crowded their parade-grounds almost daily in those early times of their organization. It was inevitable that, as the countenance of the State and the encouragement of friends grew colder and colder, there should be some little flagging in their zeal, though not enough to destroy the knowledge which they had already acquired, or even to diminish their aggregate numbers. If they are to be made serviceable at any time within the probable duration of this war, they should be told to fit themselves for service at once. If this word went forth, and if the Ministers were willing to organize and arm them (for at present they are neither organized nor armed), the old enthusiasm would be alive again. Starting from the point already attained, they would once more astonish experienced professionals with the rapidity of their progress, and before the close of the summer we might see our half-trained levies converted into an army which no one need blush to command.

But while this is possible, if it is desired, it is equally certain that the silence of the Government will be accepted as the deepest discouragement; and as yet Mr. CARDWELL's language has been something worse than silence. In the conventional phrases of which he is a master, if he is a master of nothing else, he expresses his official admiration of the civilian army; but at the same time he tells them that the breechloader, the only weapon with which men can be sent into action, is too

delicate to be trusted in the hands of civilian riflemen. And knowing, as he must know, how utterly unprovided the Volunteers are with the means of campaigning, he is studious not to hint at an intention to include them within the operations of the Control Department, or even to give them accoutrements suited for actual warfare. He tells us indeed with astounding confidence that the Control service can be rapidly expanded so as to suffice for hundreds of thousands of men. We should be glad to believe it, but as yet there is no trace of arrangements calculated to facilitate this necessary expansion. In everything that is said and everything that is done the Volunteer force is almost in terms warned that it is not wanted and will not be cared for. The Volunteers are not deficient in intelligence, and they will understand both what is said and what is left unsaid. They will see that enthusiasm is not desired, and there will be none of it. They will comprehend that they are not to be made use of, and there will be no special effort on their part to make themselves more serviceable. They will perceive that they are rated as worthless, and the conviction will go far to verify the official estimate. On his own showing Mr. CARDWELL will not have the means of maintaining the engagements and the honour of the country without, in the last resort, calling upon the Volunteers, and he declines to call upon them. If a sudden occasion should come to convince the most self-complacent of Ministers that it is time to alter this determination, the responsibility for any want of efficiency in the Volunteers will not rest on them but with the Government. Those who love to disparage them will have the satisfaction of finding them unequal to the demands made upon them, and the Ministers will discover too late that a summons which, if issued in time, would have produced an army, may, if delayed to the last moment, serve only to collect together an unserviceable mob.

It is useless to say more with reference to this particular emergency, but we cannot but feel how cogent were the arguments of Lord ELCHO and others who have insisted on the Militia ballot as the only sound basis of national defence. If every one were liable to be drawn for the Militia who was not an extra-efficient Volunteer, say of three years' service, the ranks of the civilian army would always be full, and it would be in the power of the Government to make the test of efficiency as stringent as they pleased. Then we should have both in the Militia and the Volunteers reserves worthy of the name, and be able to hold our place in Europe with honour and dignity. Men of feeble purpose may call these schemes impracticable, but English patriotism is not so much below German patriotism as to shrink from so moderate a sacrifice. Have the Government no advisers who can tell them that this is the only way of making England an armed nation, and could there be a more opportune moment than the present for thus securing once for all an unflinching defence?

THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT BILL.

UNDER the modest and erroneous title of a Foreign Enlistment Bill, England is preparing to adopt a measure which introduces into the region of international law a totally new conception of the duties of neutrals. England is now prepared to punish as a criminal the British subject who accepts service in the army of a belligerent engaged in war against a friendly Power, or who builds or equips or despatches ships intended to aid such a belligerent. The measure, however, is not only punitive, it is also preventive. It confers the largest possible powers on officials, high and low, to seize and detain vessels the destination of which is suspected to be adverse to the interests of a belligerent with whom we are on friendly terms. The whole framework of the Bill involves a total revolution in the ideas of English statesmen as to the duties of neutrals. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said, with perfect accuracy, that if the Bill were passed into law, England would have far exceeded all the duties cast upon her by international law. She would be enacting not what other nations are entitled to ask her to enact; she would merely be consulting her own dignity and her own interests. We desire, if we may honourably do so, to avoid not only the complaints of belligerents, but even all ground on which they could raise justifiable discussion. We wish to do all they could reasonably ask, whether international law sanctions the demand or not. The real fact is that what is called international law consists of a body of rules which are in a large degree out of date. The true character of international law has never been satisfactorily examined. It consists of a few old text-books which may be easily interpreted this way or that, like the Bible or the Koran,

according to the interests of the interpreters. Secondly, it consists of a mass of treaties which affect to have a permanent, and have for the most part a mere temporary, value. Lastly, it consists of a series of decrees of American and English tribunals, and especially of those decisions which, in the days of Lord STOWELL, recorded in Ciceronian English and with an air of admirable good sense the fact that England was mistress of the seas. In its application to the realities of the modern world, international law is equally dangerous whether too much is known of it or too little. No one can judge what, in the controversies of modern nations, ought to be the decision, who does not know international law thoroughly, and who is not at the same time prepared to throw international law overboard. It has been truly said that in England the great lawyer is the man who has first known English case law and has then forgotten it. Exactly the same may be said of international law. It is a summary of human experience and human wisdom under circumstances which cannot recur. The statesman or political writer who wishes to rise to the height of his subject should know international law without overrating its value; and England, in this new Foreign Enlistment Bill, may fairly claim the merit of having shown itself capable of at once appealing to the experience of the past, and yet of proclaiming that a new set of ideas must henceforth claim their place in the body of international law.

The three main questions with which the new Bill purports to deal are these:—How shall foreign enlistments be prevented? How shall the building and equipment of ships for the use of belligerents be prevented? And what shall be the constitution of the tribunal which shall decide whether suspected ships are or are not justly suspected? In all these respects a total change in the law is introduced. If this Bill becomes law, there can be no doubt that the evils against which it is intended as a protection will be severely and efficiently repressed. Some years ago the friends of the Port and of the other reactionary Italian princes complained to Lord PALMERSTON that Englishmen were enlisting in the service of GARIBALDI. Lord PALMERSTON, speaking the language of the international law of his day, replied that he could not prevent Englishmen from going on a tour to Italy, and that if, when in Italy, they chose to amuse themselves by fighting on the side of a popular adventurer, they were as much at liberty to do so as they were to buy one kind of cigar rather than another. The new Bill is founded on a totally different principle, and henceforth these adventurous tourists will be committing a direct offence against English law. But this is not all. During the American war we were much troubled with Northerners who smuggled off Irish navvies as recruits for the Northern army under the pretence that they were being taken to free industrial employment. Henceforth those who recruit, those who are recruited and persist in their design after its true nature is revealed to them, and the masters of ships that knowingly convey them, are all to be subjected to punishment. Then, again, all the difficulties suggested by the well-known cases of the *Alabama* and *Alexandra* are obviated by a set of stringent enactments which make the builders and equippers of ships for the service of belligerents responsible and subject to fine and imprisonment, which permit officials of all grades and kinds to seize and detain suspected ships, and which exclude from the shelter of English waters ships built or sent out in contravention of the law, and decree the restoration of prizes which such ships may take and bring within English jurisdiction. Lastly, the decision of the important question whether a ship is or is not rightly suspected is withdrawn from the cognizance of a jury, and is submitted to the consideration of a judge. There will thus be none of those ridiculous failures of justice which are caused by the desire of a dozen badly-chosen Englishmen to gratify their ignorant patriotism. Into the details of the Bill it is not necessary to enter, for it is impossible to understand their purport without a knowledge of the existing law on the subject, and of the history of cases that arose during the American war, which none but lawyers can be expected to possess. But, speaking broadly, it may be said that it is successfully designed so as to attain the aims it is intended to secure, and that it will prevent the malpractices of those who, in the search of private advantage, have, under the shelter of a most imperfect legal system, done their best to plunge England into war.

There was one very important question raised in the debate which deserves the most attentive consideration at the present moment. This was the question whether the sale of arms to a belligerent should be forbidden by English law. The Government did not venture on so bold an innovation, and

one so sure to be unpopular at Birmingham and elsewhere, as to make the sale of arms by a British subject to a belligerent illegal. But we cannot avoid thinking that this is the last time that a proposal to stamp the trade with illegality will fail. It is quite true that the sale of arms to belligerents is countenanced by international law. The States, that is to say, who hoped to profit by such a trade, have hitherto persisted in carrying it on. Mr. HARCOURT called the attention of the House to the declaration of an American President to the effect that the sale and export of munitions of war were perfectly legal. It was as good a document as any other to show the practice of the United States. We supplied the Northerners during the civil war with unfailing stores of guns and ammunition, and as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL innocently said, the Americans who complained of the *Alabama* did not complain of a practice they found so advantageous. The Belgians during the Crimean war sent continually stores and munitions of war to Russia, and Prussia made a fortune out of doing exactly the same thing. Now the Germans begin to cry out because the English gun-market, which is closed to them by the French fleet, is open to the French, and the French are said to be buying in it freely. This forces us to consider whether what is termed the rule of international law on the subject is right or wrong. This rule is merely a basis of discussion, very useful to begin with, and *prima facie* justifiable, but nothing more. Is the rule right? We think it is not; and that the common sense of mankind will definitely pronounce against it some day. The theoretical opinion of French jurists of the present day is indeed avowedly hostile to it, and it was Lord GRENVILLE who said that "if I have wrested my enemy's sword from his hands, the bystander who furnishes him with a fresh weapon can have no pretence to be considered a neutral in the contest." This is the feeling which is naturally inspired in the minds of men who, in a contest that provokes real panic and alarm, find that a neutral is supplying the arms with which death is inflicted. Belgium is perfectly aware that her neutrality would be considered a mockery if she persisted in doing now what she did in the Crimean war, and in selling arms to Prussia. The export of arms from Belgium is now strictly forbidden. Germany can indeed still get arms from England through one neutral Power—that is, through Holland—subject to the risk of what would seem a legitimate transaction between neutrals being proved in a French Prize Court to have been indirectly on behalf of a belligerent; but political difficulties would soon be felt if the supply of Prussia was known to be obtained through that channel. The French would put on sufficient pressure to make a little nation like Holland give up the trade. If a large and distant country connected with Germany by land, like Russia, chose to supply Prussia with arms, the French, who could not prevent it, might say nothing about it rather than draw Russia into war; but there can be no doubt that the French would feel that Russian neutrality was one-sided. One of the strongest claims made on Russia, and acknowledged by that Power, for assistance under certain contingencies, is the claim made by Prussia for service rendered during the Crimean war. These reasons seem, indeed, to have convinced the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. He spoke with disapprobation of the practice of supplying a belligerent with arms, and regretted that it should continue. All he could say was that it would give a great amount of trouble to the police to stop the exportation of arms. An evening or two before, he explained to his hearers that when England is herself at war she habitually forbids the exportation of arms, and no difficulty is found in carrying out the necessary supervision. If the Government wished to stop the sale of arms to France and Prussia, it could do so practically with complete success. It might not prevent the smuggling of arms out of some English ports, but it would prevent that regular supply of arms on a large scale to a belligerent, which the Germans say, and we think truly, is not the proper work of a neutral.

MR. GLADSTONE ON UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

THE absurd inappropriateness of Mr. GLADSTONE's late discourse on the Ballot has diverted attention from the culpable levity of his language on a much more important question. Under no external pressure, and not urged by any overpowering conviction, but catching at a plausible argument which seemed to afford a rhetorical pretext for a frivolous conclusion, the official guardian of the English Constitution incidentally announced his readiness to sacrifice its fundamental principles. Three or four years ago, when Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI were bidding against one another for

popularity, the advocates of various methods of reform always declared that their respective projects would at least have the merit of closing the controversy during the lifetime of the present generation; and Mr. BRIGHT more seriously promised that, if Lord RUSSELL's Bill were passed, he would not reopen the question during his lifetime. In those days it must be admitted that, of the two candidates for power, Mr. GLADSTONE was the more prudent and moderate. The Bill of 1866 would have established a barrier to democracy which was called in cant phrase a hard and fast line; and in 1867 Mr. GLADSTONE was consistent enough to reproduce the same scheme as an alternative to Mr. DISRAELI's more sweeping measure. The devoted attachment of the new constituency to the assailant of the Irish Church has perhaps removed his former distrust of a promiscuous multitude of voters. Not as the unexpected result of a practical experiment, nor as a consequence of maturer reflection, but as a step in the demonstration of another sophism, Mr. GLADSTONE at the end of a Session informs an inattentive House that the institution of universal suffrage has already been implicitly conceded. "The extension," he said, "is an extension nominally from a 10% suffrage to household suffrage, but really, virtually, and in principle an extension that is unlimited. When we have adopted household suffrage we have, I think, practically adopted the principle that every man who is not disabled in point of age, of crime, of poverty, or through some other positive disqualification, is politically competent to exercise the suffrage, and that it is a simple question of time and convenience when the suffrage is placed in his hands." If in the flux of words the exception of poverty had any meaning, Mr. GLADSTONE, who proposes to enfranchise all the poor, probably was thinking, not of poverty, but of pauperism defined by the reception of parochial relief. The extremest revolutionists always affect to exclude convicted criminals from the franchise; but the number of thieves is relatively small, and it matters little or nothing whether they are included in the indiscriminate mob of voters.

The contemptuous surprise which was naturally caused by Mr. GLADSTONE's unseasonable disquisition on the Ballot probably explained the silence of members who had not been aware that all the elaborate limitations formerly advocated by Mr. GLADSTONE were entirely nugatory. Household suffrage in boroughs is, it seems, the same thing with household suffrage in counties; and in both cases the qualification of holding a house may be summarily disregarded. The propounder of a revolutionary paradox ought to exhibit some consciousness of his anomalous or exceptional position; yet it was evident that Mr. GLADSTONE was not even bent on destroying the English Constitution, except by way of apology for his own adoption of the Ballot after a Parliamentary career of five-and-thirty years. His change of opinion or of conduct might have been much more simply explained by the analogy of his own treatment of other questions. Mr. GLADSTONE probably objected much more strongly to the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife than to the Ballot, or to any other contrivance which was exempt from theological objections; but when he found that his political allies were opposed to the legal restriction on marriage, he felt no hesitation in sacrificing his own scruples to the unanimity of the party. There is no reason to suppose that his still more recent conversion to the Ballot requires any more recondite explanation; but it has always been Mr. GLADSTONE's habit to devise fantastical reasons for foregone conclusions. To the otiose question whether the franchise was a trust his extemporized plan of universal suffrage was irrelevant. The trust, if it exists at all, is a trust for the entire community of voters and non-electors, including the trustee himself. Moralists who assert that property is a trust mean to say that the owner is responsible for the right use of his possessions; nor would the truth of the proposition be affected if every other inhabitant of the country held an estate in fee simple. The rapid process of reasoning by which Mr. GLADSTONE attempted to excuse himself is only less wonderful than his choice of an occasion for displaying his ingenious fluency of language and of thought. Suffrage is universal, or rather it must be considered as virtually universal, because it is limited; therefore voters have only themselves to represent, and they are at liberty to vote without reference to any public duty. Consequently no one has any claim to know how they vote, except their wives and children, who will have no difficulty in penetrating the secret. The House of Lords about the same time was anxiously listening to Lord GRANVILLE's explanations of the state of Europe. It is strange that frothy declamation on the rights of man should have been thought good enough for the House of Commons.

In the carelessness of his impulsive rhetoric Mr. GLADSTONE,

after propounding his doctrine of universal suffrage, reverted to the more definite and narrower proposal of household suffrage in counties. This also is, it seems, a question of time and convenience, though democrats might fairly contend that, like the monstrous dogma lately affirmed by the Pope and his Council, the definition of the infallibility of numbers, if it is true, can never be inopportune. In 1859 Lord RUSSELL, who was afterwards Mr. GLADSTONE's colleague and chief when they jointly promoted a moderate Reform Bill, turned Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI out of office on the express ground that they had proposed to obliterate the distinction between the county and borough franchises. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE, who had recently canvassed Flintshire on the Conservative side, voted for Lord DERBY; but it was understood that his preference for the Tory party was political or personal, and his subsequent co-operation with Lord RUSSELL proved that he shared in the belief that the two kinds of franchise ought to be distinct. He has now pledged himself to the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourers, though the ripe wisdom and cultivation of the new constituencies will scarcely be available during the present crisis. If thoughtful politicians ask whether Mr. GLADSTONE knows what he is doing, it may be confidently answered that when he made his speech he never thought of what he was saying; but words once spoken are too often irrevocable, or unrevoked. Having announced himself a proselyte of doctrines hitherto unthought of by any party in the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE will probably cultivate with eagerness the cheap popularity of the unjust steward who lightly distributed for his own benefit his master's property. He had assuredly never consulted his colleagues, and indeed he had perhaps five minutes before never intended to announce a revolution. Two-thirds of his own supporters, as well as the whole of the Opposition, would have been shocked by his recklessness if they had not previously been repelled and wearied by his tedious elaboration of sophisms. According to a true saying, which was rightly or wrongly attributed to Mr. BRIGHT, the suffrage is in a certain sense already lower in the United Kingdom than in any other country in the world. There are many poorer constituencies, but, in consequence of a highly artificial organization of society, there are more voters here than elsewhere depending entirely on weekly wages. Universal suffrage in the rural districts of France is, with doubtful advantage to the country, exercised by small landed proprietors. Universal suffrage or household suffrage in the English counties would belong to labourers whose power could be absolutely wielded by any demagogue who offered them a share of the land as a bribe. Belgium, almost the only Continental country which has shown aptitude for constitutional liberty, has, during the predominance of the Liberal party, succeeded in maintaining a restricted suffrage. The Clerical faction which has now obtained a majority favours an extension of the franchise, on the express ground that the lowest class of voters will be the least patriotic and the most easily managed by the priests. Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely be ignorant that in France universal suffrage is applied to the election of a Legislative Body which since the foundation of the Empire has exercised no real political power. To found a sovereign House of Commons on a far less solid basis is an experiment of the wildest description. In the French idiom similar thoughtlessness is known as gaiety of heart. Mr. GLADSTONE can never be accused of undue hilarity, but pompous and solemn trifling is still more intolerable. It is almost incredible that he can have persuaded himself that universal suffrage would tend to maintain the security of property or to advance the welfare of the country; yet those who have traced throughout his political course the singular separation of ability from wisdom remember that, when he accepted an appointment under Lord DERBY's Government, he proposed to redress the disorders of Corfu by depriving a democratic constitution of all checks and limitations, and by offering factious agitators additional facilities for impeaching the representative of the English Protectorate. His classical sympathies will probably not lead him to reproduce in England the comprehensive remedy which was provided in Athens against the excesses of unprincipled orators. When a corrupt or thoughtless declaimer had misled the people into some dangerous measure, the defenders of the constitution waited for a season of reaction to indict him for "lawless proposals"; and the very assembly which had been deceived by his eloquence held that the best proof of its own repentance was to inflict exemplary punishment on the author of its delusion. In modern times there is no such security for retributive political justice. Mr. GLADSTONE may fritter away with impunity to himself personally, though not to his fame, the institutions under which he has risen to greatness; and his

intellectual character affords no guarantee against the most outrageous eccentricities and innovations. After the speech on the Ballot and on the Suffrage, it would scarcely be astonishing if Mr. GLADSTONE were to announce his intention of referring the maintenance of the Church, of the House of Lords, or of the Crown, to a plebiscite.

INDIAN FISCAL PROBLEMS.

ALTHOUGH the telegraph informs us that the official statements made to Parliament on the subject of the Indian finances have not given much satisfaction in India, it can hardly be but that they will furnish some crumbs of comfort when they are read in full. If the Indian press expresses in any way the feeling of the Indian public, the mind of the country is occupied with nothing but the Income-tax, and there now seems every prospect of its falling at the end of the year to the trifling rate which suffices for its colourable maintenance. The discovery that, after a long series of errors and miscalculations, the accounts of last year finally closed with a surplus, and the promise that the revenues of India shall no longer be charged with the cost of constructing enormous barracks which the Duke of ARGYLL now fully admits to be uninhabitable, both point to the possibility of paying the expenses of Government without the perilous aid of a war-tax in time of peace. Meantime there is, on Imperial grounds, much reason for rejoicing that the financial prosperity of India is shown to be no longer overclouded. Its insolvency, or the decay of its credit, would be a very untoward addition to our present difficulties. Whatever be the transmutation or extension of our military system which is impending, it is before all things desirable that we should be sure of the solidity of the assumption which underlies all our military arrangements—the assumption that our Eastern dependency pays from its revenue the cost of a great part of the British army.

The part of the statement submitted to the House of Lords which had the greatest share of whatever interest attaches to the problems of Indian Government was the Duke of ARGYLL's account of his commencement of the experiment of local taxation in Lower Bengal. The policy thus started appears to be confounded in this country with a change in Indian financial administration which has recently been advocated here by very high authorities. The plan of allowing local functionaries to have greater liberty in the expenditure of the products of taxation has nothing really to do with a scheme for adding to the resources of the country by local rates or cesses. The first is a new mode of spending the taxes; the second is a change in the mode of levying the taxes, and it probably implies in the first instance an addition to them. It seems to us rather a delicate question of human nature whether a local or provincial Governor will or will not be more thrifty in the expenditure of the revenues of his province if the process of first having them paid into the central exchequer, and then re-distributed under certain financial checks, be abandoned. Of course the very existence of these checks implies the belief, in those who imposed them, that uncontrolled local expenditure would lead, not to economy, but to extravagance. But in any event the question is of far inferior interest to the really great problem of the practicability of local taxation in India. Is it possible, by limiting the area within which certain imposts are raised, by confining the expenditure of those imposts to certain objects in which the population of that area may be supposed to feel an immediate and quasi-personal interest, and by giving the representative men of that population a control over the expenditure, to induce the people of the various Indian provinces to bear their existing burdens in the new form more contentedly, or even submit cheerfully to what in fact will be new burdens? As most Englishmen know to their cost, the great difficulty here, and we may add in the United States, is to prevent this power of local taxation from being abused. No question, in fact, requires the attention of Parliament more pressingly. But, though the excessive weight of these local burdens arises in part from the extravagance, corruption, or folly of the persons supposed to represent the several bodies of local tax- or rate-payers, it is no doubt attributable in a far higher degree to a curious readiness which the taxpayer of the English race everywhere exhibits to submit to taxation for objects with which he feels himself to be, either physically or morally, in very close proximity. The question now to be solved in India is whether the native will see any difference between paying some rupees for a school or road a few miles distant, and paying them to a Govern-

ment which may perhaps spend them on buying an iron-clad battery in the Thames.

The Duke of ARGYLL was in the first instance met, as he tells us, by a plea in bar, and only succeeded in overcoming it after a sharp struggle with his Council. It has long been argued by the great landowners of Lower Bengal, the only province in which it was worth trying the new experiment on a great scale, that Lord CORNWALLIS's solemn pledge never to take more than a land revenue representing a certain share of the produce of the soil has debarred the British Government from ever again imposing a direct rate or tax on the land of Bengal. As Lord CORNWALLIS unquestionably conceived that he had reserved to the State a rental which would not only pay all the expenses of government, but yield a respectable contribution to the dividend of the East India Company, it may well be believed that his promises were large, sweeping, and in a sense incautious, and that a fair and even a strong case for exemption can be established upon the documentary records of the transaction. It is, however, quite certain that, but for the merest accident, the futility of such a pledge, even if it had been given, would have been almost immediately exposed. At the time of Lord CORNWALLIS's death the East India Company were most anxious to confine the limits of their acquisitions in Northern India to Lower Bengal, and a strip of territory on its frontier. Peculiarities of character in the Governor-Generals who succeeded Lord CORNWALLIS disappointed the earnest wishes of the Directors in London, but there was nothing irrational in the plan of limiting the British territory in Upper India. Suppose it had been so limited, what becomes of a promise to refrain from taxing beyond a certain point the only wealthy class in a great agricultural province? It becomes in fact one of those promises which in the nature of things are incapable of fulfilment—a promise to govern badly rather than impose new taxes. If the Company's dominions in Upper India had consisted in a territory of which the province of Lower Bengal had constituted the largest part, a point would always at some time or other have been reached at which the necessary provision for good government would have exceeded the rent reserved by Lord CORNWALLIS and other small sources of revenue. There would in that case have been about equal absurdity and injustice in refusing good government, or in paying for it by such expedients as monopolies of salt and tobacco which fall exclusively on the poor. A pledge, however, which in a particular and not improbable event would have been incapable of fulfilment is not one to which any special sacredness can be attached. It is in fact the conquest of the rest of India which has blinded the landholders of Bengal to the true character of their claim. Lower Bengal has become the province in which the greatest part both of the opium revenue and of the customs revenue (neither of which can be distinctly credited to any one part of the country) is habitually collected. A vast share even of the rental of other provinces passes in one form or another through the treasury of its chief city. And at the same time the line of the military defence of India has been thrown so far to the North-West as to place the greatest expense of the Indian Government out of the view of the dwellers in the maritime province. Unconsciously the Bengal landlords and their advocates are asking that Lord CORNWALLIS's pledge shall be redeemed at the cost of the rest of India.

We have of course only admitted for the sake of argument that Lord CORNWALLIS's promise was really made. The Duke of ARGYLL in a very able despatch maintains that it was not given, and that all that was promised was that the rent of the land, in the true economical sense of the word, should not be raised in favour of the State as universal landlord. Unquestionably this was Lord CORNWALLIS's intention, viewed from one side; but then, on the other hand, it is quite conceivable that his language may have been affected by his belief that no further taxes would have to be imposed in aid of the land revenue. The conclusive argument seems to us to be that a pledge not to tax a particular class beyond a certain point, especially if it be the richest class, is a pledge which in the nature of things a Government cannot effectually carry out. The Duke of ARGYLL has added greatly to the force of this argument by showing that the claim to exemption holds good not only of the permanently settled, but of the temporarily settled, provinces, as they are called; or, in other words, of those provinces in which the Government, by granting leases for twenty or thirty years, has bound itself not to raise its rent for those periods. The argument that, over the largest part of a country of nearly exclusively agricultural wealth, the Government is debarred from fresh taxation of the

landed interest, either for a quarter of a century or for a perpetuity, cannot really be seriously pressed. It does not, on the other hand, follow that no regard at all should be paid even to untenable pledges when given to a class which is not relieved by its wealth from the grossest ignorance and prejudice. Doubtless the local taxes first imposed should be moderate, and the objects for which they are levied most carefully selected. A small rate for education and roads has much to recommend it on the face of it.

ITALY AND ROME.

THE agreement under which the French garrison is withdrawn from Rome seems to prove that the French and Italian Governments are united by a friendly understanding. It is difficult to understand why the King of ITALY should have hampered himself with a renewal of the extinct September Convention, if indeed the paragraphs in the French newspapers contain all the terms of the new arrangement. The undertaking to protect the Roman frontier against irregular incursions was formerly found more irksome and onerous than the presence of a French garrison. It is doubtful whether the foreign occupation of Rome has on the whole been embarrassing to the Government of Florence. If the Emperor of the FRENCH had withdrawn his protection from the Holy See, the popular impatience for the possession of the ancient capital of Italy would have been found irresistible; yet the violent dethronement of the POPE would have caused grave complications at home and abroad. The zealous Catholics who already regard VICTOR EMMANUEL as a rebel to the Church would have rejoiced in the opportunity of charging him with rapacity and injustice. The whole of the Italian clergy and the more devout portion of the laity would have become actively disaffected, and the triumph of the extreme Liberal party would not have been without inconvenience. The disappointments which must have attended the complete attainment of Italian unity would perhaps have produced a reaction in favour of the POPE. The possession of the ancient capital would neither have restored the condition of the finances, nor have promoted material prosperity; and there are grave objections to the choice of Rome as the seat of government. The existence of an independent and unfriendly State in the centre of Italy has promoted the growth of patriotic feeling, and it has prevented the Church from recovering its former popularity. The Convention of September, while it relieved France from the burden of maintaining a Roman garrison, imposed on the Italian Government the troublesome and invidious obligation of protecting against the enterprises of its own subjects an irreconcilably hostile Power. The duty was carelessly and ineffectively discharged, and the Roman Government was in imminent danger when the French army rallied to the support of the Papal troops at Mentana. It became perfectly clear that the French protectorate was as easily exercised from Toulon or Marseilles as in Rome itself. The POPE's mercenaries had previously been informed by a French general that they were the vanguard of the Imperial army, and the wonder-working Chassepots which were brought to their aid showed that the statement was perfectly accurate. The French troops which are now leaving Civita Vecchia will not be equally available for the protection of the POPE, as their services will be required in the German war; but it must be assumed that the Italian Government has on this occasion determined to defend Rome in earnest. If there was any intention of conniving at irregular enterprises against the POPE, it would obviously have been prudent to withhold any formal undertaking, and to allow the French to leave their garrison in the Roman territory or to withdraw it at pleasure. The statement that Cardinal ANTONELLI assents to the evacuation proves, if it is authentic, that France and Italy have made some arrangement which is satisfactory to the Papal Government.

To various questions asked in the Italian Parliament the Ministers have prudently replied, in general and conventional language, that they were resolved to maintain perfect neutrality. Italy is fortunate in owing to either belligerent a debt of gratitude which would render any hostile conduct indecorous and unjust. It has been supposed that, since the campaign of 1866, Italy had inclined rather to Prussia than to France; but the recent Convention seems to indicate a leaning to the older ally. The detention of a few thousand French soldiers in Rome would have been advantageous to North Germany, and an unconditional evacuation might perhaps have tended to alienate the French clergy

from the Imperial Government. The Italian Ministers were justified in considering the question without reference to the interests of either France or Germany. They perhaps considered that the withdrawal of the garrison, though it was caused by temporary necessity, might this time be final. Their own undertaking to defend the Papal territory probably lasts only for a limited time, and after the close of the present reign in France it is at least possible that Italy may be left to settle her own affairs without interference. Two years ago, when the Emperor NAPOLEON meditated a rupture with Prussia, he had formed a plan of substituting a Spanish garrison for his own; and, according to Count BISMARCK, the defeat of the project by the Spanish Revolution preserved for the time the peace of Europe. On the present occasion the Italians have no foreign intrusion to fear, but the utmost vigilance of the Government will be needed to prevent the renewal of the enterprise which was interrupted at Mentana. There may be no foundation for reports of an understanding between the Prussian Minister and the Republican party in Italy; but the sympathies of GARIBALDI and his adherents will be wholly on the side of Germany. The Emperor of the FRENCH is still by force or by diplomacy engaged in the protection of the POPE, and GARIBALDI has never forgiven the seizure of Savoy and of Nice. It is probably to an Italian audience that Count BISMARCK addresses the passage in his recent Circular which refers to the French-speaking districts of Piedmont. If it were once believed that France meditates further acquisitions of Italian territory, the Government would be wholly unable to restrain general indignation. The Prussian Government has for good reasons always exerted itself to maintain friendly relations with the POPE, and it will certainly not offend the Catholics of the Rhenish provinces at the present moment by taking any ostensible part in the invasion of the Roman territory; but if the Italian Government were suspected of complicity with France, German agents would probably retaliate by encouraging revolutionary movements. It is evident that a renewal of the schemes of Aspromonte and of Mentana becomes less hopeless when France is elsewhere matched against an equal antagonist; and so far Prussia may be regarded as the ally of the movement party in Italy.

The satisfaction of Cardinal ANTONELLI, if it is not imagined by French journalists, is probably not altogether sincere. If his absence from the Session at which the dogma of infallibility was declared was determined by political considerations, his foresight is already justified. Austria has taken the opportunity of annulling the Concordat, and the German and Hungarian bishops have returned to their sees in a state of just and bitter irritation. Although France is fully occupied with matters more serious than theological paradoxes, it is not improbable that the proclamation of the dogma may have served as one of the excuses for the withdrawal of the French garrison. Even the French clergy are no longer unanimous in their devotion to the person of the POPE, and the EMPEROR may reasonably resent the slight regard which was paid to the numerous warnings and applications of his Ambassador; yet as long as the French troops were at Rome or at Civita Vecchia they would certainly have fought against an assailant, and if they had been overpowered by numbers their defeat would sooner or later have been retrieved. The Papal troops may possibly be strong enough to repress internal disaffection, but the security of Rome against the enterprises of volunteers from the other side of the frontier will depend on the good faith rather than the good will of a Government which is necessarily unfriendly. Even if the POPE were disposed to abandon all existing causes of quarrel, the Italian Government could not afford a reconciliation. The report that the KING was yielding in his more advanced years to ecclesiastical influence has not been repeated since his refusal, during his illness, to purchase absolution by treason to his country. The present POPE, who still designates the King of ITALY by his former title of SARDINIA, will never forgive, except in the impossible condition of full restitution, the prince whom he regards as the usurper of the inalienable dominions of the Church. The Kingdom of Italy has been formed in antagonism to Rome, and submission to the exigencies of the Holy See would undo the work of a generation. It is not impossible that the French and Italian Governments may have determined to limit their protection of the Papacy to the lifetime of the present incumbent. According to precedent, his successor will to a certain extent modify the policy of PIUS IX., and on his succession he will stand in need of support. The more moderate Italian Liberals would accept the compromise formerly proposed by NAPOLEON III., of a Pope who should exercise a titular sovereignty in the city of Rome, receiving a revenue for the sup-

port of his dignity from Catholic Governments, or from his spiritual subjects in all parts of the world. The demise of the tiara would furnish the Italian Government with a pretext for discontinuing its protection of the frontiers, and a change would be facilitated by the disaffection which has naturally followed the extravagant decrees dictated to the Council. Except in the matter of the French garrison, the Italian Government will be disposed to maintain the strictest neutrality during the war. The rumour of a triple alliance of Austria, Italy, and England is probably unfounded or premature; but all the Powers which are still at peace have the strongest motives for confining the contest, if possible, within its present limits. It is not impossible that the war which was forced upon Germany may soon become unpopular in France, and the chief use of mediators is to cover the dignity of a belligerent who wishes to retreat from a false position.

WILLIAM, THE SILENT.

EVERY schoolboy, as Lord MACAULAY used to say, remembers the Horatian hero and patriot whose solid mind neither intimidation from without nor sedition from within could shake from his firm grasp of purpose. The especial solicitation which the just man of poetry resisted was the frantic violence of the crowd demanding an evil course. Mr. GLADSTONE goes beyond this Stoic impassiveness. Not even the *civium ardor bona jubentium* moves him. His heart is, we are glad to believe, with his countrymen, but he is too great and superhuman to show that he is affected with human feeling even as other men are. Twice since we last called attention to the PREMIER's serene attitude, which was so likely to be mistaken for indifference, Mr. GLADSTONE has spoken in public in connexion with the one and only matter which engrosses everybody's mind. The Mansion-House dinner, and the conventional thanks for the health of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, would not anywhere but in England be thought an occasion for any declaration of State policy. Nor is it here. But the Mansion-House dinner is just the occasion of which, following not only practice but propriety, an adroit Minister can always avail himself with great effect. It is an opportunity just sufficiently public as to be almost, but not quite, official, just sufficiently private to have something of social and private converse. If Mr. DISRAELI exaggerates one aspect of the civic festivities by talking unmitigated nonsense at the Guildhall, Mr. GLADSTONE misses the other opportunity of addressing the country on high matters of State in somewhat familiar and social strain. On Saturday evening the PREMIER was—well let us say himself. Not even the homely and most unconventional language of the LORD MAYOR, not the flowing cups of course, not even the irrepressible anxiety and scarcely concealed sympathies of a partial and favourable audience warmed the PREMIER into a word of enthusiasm. What he said was as true as a copy-book, and nearly as dull. The horrors of war, its calamities, its irreligiousness, its scandals, were dwelt on, not with the picturesqueness perhaps, but with something of the details, of a CALLOT. And Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was a very good specimen of a certain kind of oratory. It had this especial excellence, that it kept his hearers on the stretch always waiting for the burst of enthusiasm, or at least the touch of human passion, which they felt sure must come. If to engage the breathless attention of an audience hanging on his words is an orator's triumph, Mr. GLADSTONE's Mansion-House speech was a high effort of art. He said what was highly creditable to him as a kind and thoughtful man, and one deeply impressed with the responsibilities—some of the responsibilities that is—of his high place; but he disappointed his hearers. No doubt he felt it to be his duty to scatter cold water. A more conscientious man than the PREMIER does not exist. It may be a duty to repress enthusiasm, but it is not a grateful one; and yet it is one which Mr. GLADSTONE never refuses to discharge. When he spoke at the Guildhall last November it was in the accents of deep sorrow, on no particular account whatever except that it is right to send round the skull at a banquet. On Saturday there was ample justification for the Lamentations of the PREMIER; but there was room for something else. Indignation is as natural and, under circumstances, quite as becoming a sentiment, if it is only a question of sentiments, as grief at public calamities, especially when those calamities are the result of political crime. Neutrality undoubtedly is both our interest and our duty; but interest and duty are not satisfied by confining ourselves in such a crisis as the present to regrets which are now unavailing. We cannot but be very sorry; but we have something else to do besides dwelling on our sorrows.

What has shaken confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE—for it must be acknowledged that confidence is shaken in him—is not what he has said, but what he has not said. Nobody expected of him at the Mansion House anything in the old PALMERSTON vein; students of history or students of men do not expect a revival of “Mr. PITT” in the PREMIER; but what they do not like is Mr. GLADSTONE’s obstinate—of course we mean stern—resolution not to say what everybody wants him to say. He feels, we are assured, that everybody’s expectation is the very thing which it is his place to balk and disappoint even while at the bottom he agrees with everybody. It may be so; Mr. GLADSTONE may be quite right; but it is something of a misfortune that he is almost alone in this estimate of duty. He is not only above public opinion in this matter, but almost above human nature. Superior to all our littlenesses and weaknesses, his imposing attitude is superhuman in its sublimity; but the cost at which the station of a demigod is attained is the loss of love and sympathy. We may, or at least we must, admire, and submit; but we cannot get nearer than this to those who are so decidedly our superiors. Heroes are cast in another mould than ours. Well, on Monday evening another and a much more solemn and important occasion presented itself to the PREMIER. He was openly invited in Parliament to speak out. No doubt on such an occasion the questioning party has an immense advantage of the questioned. We shall not therefore contrast Mr. GLADSTONE with Mr. DISRAELI or Mr. OSBORNE, or with any other speaker. An English Premier has duties which belong to no one else. The language which is in place with the leader of the Opposition, the language which is highly befitting to independent members, we do not expect, nor ask for, from the Ministers of the Crown. But there was just one word, one single intelligible reference to one single thought which was coveted from Mr. GLADSTONE. That word was Belgium; the reference was to a treaty in which our honour, indeed our very existence as a European Power, is bound up, to say nothing of the universal voice of the country, which is pronounced with a decision and a unanimity which it is impossible to misapprehend. That one word, that one reference, Mr. GLADSTONE would not make. Invited after his formal speech once more to attend to the warning repeated with more and more emphasis from all parts of the House, Mr. GLADSTONE declined to speak out. He could not, we suppose, yield—not to a taunt, for there was an entire absence of personality in the matter—but to an appeal. We are told that he “dexterously ignored” the only matter on which his declaration was wanted; and after the second hint to speak, he said that he could not say anything more explicit than he had said, which was nothing at all.

Of the political mistake involved in this studied, or, as it seems, sullen reticence, we shall say nothing in this place. Our immediate concern is with Mr. GLADSTONE’s silence as illustrating the man. On Monday night he showed, but it was on a mere detail, that his iron moral frame was open to impact; he displayed fire, impetuosity, and even indignation—righteous or misplaced, is not the immediate question. But it was on a personal matter. When it became a question, and a contemptibly small one it is at this moment, whether his administration or that of his predecessor was most responsible for cutting down the army and the dockyards, Mr. GLADSTONE could be warm or hot enough. In the way of recrimination he could show even passion. But not in the matter of Belgium. Mr. GLADSTONE is, after all, like the King in the *Arabian Nights*, only half petrified; he is marble to his country, but flesh and blood and passion to his political opponents.

And, after all, what has been gained by Mr. GLADSTONE? The one word and the assurance which he would not give on Monday in the Commons was given on Tuesday by Lord GRANVILLE in the Lords. If, as Mr. GLADSTONE would seem to have wished to impress on the country, he is convinced that evil would come of a more distinct utterance on the part of the English Ministry, that damage after all has been done. Lord GRANVILLE has said what everybody wanted Mr. GLADSTONE to say, and which Mr. GLADSTONE would not say. The PREMIER may justify himself by saying that twenty-four hours further experience of public feeling had changed his attitude. No doubt the debate on Monday night was received with general disapprobation and alarm. The funds fell; confidence was shaken, and indignation was spreading, and openly spreading. It will be said, and we say it ourselves in a sense, that Lord GRANVILLE’s few words made up for his chief’s elaborate silence. And this is true. We are re-assured on the vital point that we mean to fight for Belgium if it should become necessary. And the Ministry have substan-

tially said this. This is all very well; very well that the Government and the country should understand each other. But the way in which we have got to this result is by no means re-assuring. It is not a small matter that Mr. GLADSTONE’s immediate friends and most warm supporters should have been fairly disheartened and all but alienated. Confidence is restored; but not confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE. Either Mr. DISRAELI’s ominously significant reference to Lord ABERDEEN’s Cabinet before the Crimean war is literally true, and we have discordant views and irreconcilable tendencies at the Council Board—or Mr. GLADSTONE is unable to look a single day ahead. The fact remains, and is ineffaceable, that the Ministers did on Tuesday, or were compelled to do on Tuesday, what they resolutely, not to say obstinately, refused to do on Monday. Although they have spoken they have spoken upon compulsion, however friendly, and therefore not without ungraciousness. There may be, though we fail to see it, ample justification for Mr. GLADSTONE; if so, there is none for Lord GRANVILLE. The reverse statement is indisputable also. To approve of the Foreign Minister is to condemn the Premier. Confidence in the country is established—confidence in the Ministry may be said to be restored—but confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE —.

THE WAR OF 1870.

III.

FEW persons who have thought seriously upon the events with which this war has opened will for a moment give credit to the rumour that the French declaration of hostilities was made with a view to the sudden invasion of Germany, which was to be taken unprepared. Such a notion has been put forward by certain critics, who imagine that to throw discredit on military plans supposed to be the EMPEROR’s is to inflict a fresh wound upon his moral character; but the circumstances are absolutely against it. However blind NAPOLEON III. may have been to the national feeling of South Germany, he never could have dreamt that a mere detachment of his army marching over the Rhine without notice would produce such a manifestation in favour of French policy as to give him any stronghold in the minor kingdoms. His advisers, whether good or bad strategists, would of course know enough of the details of their business to be certain that more than a mere detachment of his main army could not be thrown across the river within a fortnight. That fortnight, all the world knew, would allow the Prussians at the least to be mobilized by corps. Three of these (those mentioned last week as being put under General HERWARTH) were close to the French frontier, and seven others (Nos. 1 to 6, and Guard Corps) nearer to Berlin than a French force—say at Bamberg, the most favourable supposition possible for the French in South Germany—could be. Such a detached army of theirs would therefore be opposed by superior numbers in front, and be liable to have its communications cut by an equal force, if the Prussians chose to overwhelm it at once, and disregard for this immediate object more direct strategy against France. As there is nothing in these conditions that was not known beforehand, and as the wildest French politician would hardly expect Bavaria and Wurtemberg to rise *en masse* against the BISMARCK domination which their people have not yet felt, we may conclude that such a project could have only led to the sacrifice, or at least the great danger, of the French force proposed for it, and that, if conceived, it could never have been seriously maintained by military or political considerations.

The inaction shown up to yesterday by the French (for the division that attacked Saarbrück was plainly only feeling to see how far the Prussians cared to hold that railroad junction) demonstrates clearly in our view that the war was far more, as to its exact date, a matter of impulse than many English writers have been disposed to believe. And, leaving politics aside, it is clear that if the EMPEROR was well informed, he could not, after the first few days at any rate, have expected to obtain any great success by discounting the brief time needed by the Prussians to call in their *reservisten* and mobilize their thirteen active corps. Whilst confessing that we here come to conjecture, we see no reason at present to believe that the French will pass the Rhine until events justify that bold step. It is probably considered that the strain of a long defensive war would be terribly felt by the North-Germans, who may be said to be over-weighted for a prolonged conflict, like the knights of chivalry whose armour was only designed to be worn in the actual shock of combat. On the other hand, a successful

occupation of the left bank would, though not supplying means to feed a large French army, at least give the Emperor the *éclat* of serving out his troops their rations in German villages and watering their horses in German streams. For the present, therefore, we shall be content to view French offensive operations as confined to the west side of the Rhine, except possibly by way of demonstration.

The little volume lately published by the Duke of CHARTRES on the Rhine battlefields might have remained unnoticed but for the politics of the hour. Like another book, that on *La Guerre et la Charité*, which several of our contemporaries have been praising within the last few days for its timely appearance, it was published some months before the events to which it appears to be so well adapted. It not being within our province to review it here, we shall only say that it offers a convenient and pleasant Handybook to the military aspect and history of the country where it is supposed that the hostile armies will meet. LAVALLÉE has of course treated of the same district, but his work, useful as it has been, so thoroughly combines the worst faults of the Frenchman and the Professor, is so one-sided, dogmatic, and, in points telling against France, so untruthful, that the Englishman can never read it without some distaste. That will not be the case with the volume of the Duke of CHARTRES, which, like everything coming from his gifted family, is, both in style and subject, worthy of high authorship. We notice it here merely to say that, with all its interest, very little of what has passed in former wars in that fine Rhine valley known to modern history as the Palatinate bears in any way on the events we are now about to witness. It is interesting as a military curiosity to read, especially by the light of NAPOLEON'S St. Helena comments, of the long-drawn manoeuvres of TURENNE and MONTECUCULLI; but the most interesting feature in their study is the discovery of their strong resemblance to the Virginian campaigns of 1862-3, or, carrying the same analogy further, the discovery of the explanation of this resemblance in the half-savage condition of the Palatinate, its swamps, its woods, its sparse cultivation in the days of TURENNE. The history of war closely studied is a surprisingly faithful index to the history of the nations concerned, and the wars of LOUIS XIV., in their main features, reflect the condition of German soil after the terrible struggle for religious freedom which wasted her population and resources. But unless that condition could be restored, and all railroads and roads except a very few be removed, the War of Positions will not be repeated, and its annals afford us no guidance now. Nor are we much helped by the narratives, picturesque as they appear in the language of the Duke of CHARTRES, which tell how the ragged troops of the Revolution won their way to the Rhine despite Austrian sabres and Prussian platoons. Interesting in themselves are the details of the desperate siege endured at Mayence in 1793 by the *débris* of CUSTINE'S victorious army of the year before, who earned for themselves by their endurance the applause of the Prussians to whom they finally surrendered, and from Frenchmen the title of the *Mayençais*. But the strategical lessons which concern our epoch all come later, and upon examination yield us but very moderate help at the present moment. Those of the years 1795 and 1796 only can bear upon the subject in hand; for in 1800 and 1805 the Rhine was merely passed by the armies on their way to campaigns far beyond, as in 1814 by those that invaded France.

In 1795, the most important year for purposes of comparison, the defence of Germany was based, as now, upon the possession of that portion of the Rhine about Mayence, and the free passage over it through that fortress which CLERFAIT, a fine old Austrian general, held in his hands. The French had then, in the double attempt to reduce Mayence and live on German soil, got their armies into three separate parts—one investing Mayence on the west bank, the other two operating on the right or east bank from distant points of passage at Coblenz and Mannheim, and endeavouring to meet between Frankfurt and Darmstadt, so as to shut Mayence altogether in. Their failure to do this, owing to some minor actions about Mannheim, in which the Austrians routed the force which was feeling its way north, enabled CLERFAIT, relieved for the time from the most pressing danger to his rear, to take the offensive boldly. He beat off JOURDAN to the north of Frankfurt by out-manceuvring him, and, as soon as he saw him well on his way to Coblenz, turned back from the pursuit, which his advanced guard cleverly pretended to keep up, and threw himself into and through Mayence upon the 50,000 French who invested it, inflicting on them one of the severest defeats of the many that the Revo-

lutionary armies suffered. The siege, of course, was raised, and the whole of its apparatus fell into the Austrian's hands. Then, advancing up the river by the west bank, he took from the French their passage at Mannheim, by which their third army had operated, drove the latter towards Strasburg, and brought the whole campaign to a triumphant conclusion. The importance of a great fortress placed *à cheval* on a great stream was never so completely demonstrated, and the campaign stands out in French history as an emphatic warning against rash invasions of Germany while the armed central passage of the stream is still in German hands. Yet in 1796 the Archduke CHARLES did not long attempt to repeat this use of it. Whether he doubted that the French would again commit the errors of the year before, or whether, as was more probable, he over-estimated the forces with which they had passed at Strasburg and Coblenz, it serves not here to inquire. Certain it is that, when he found himself unable to check the progress of MOREAU beyond the former place by direct encounter, he gave up following CLERFAIT'S device of clinging to the river, and carried his defence of Germany against the double invasion to the Danube, where, as is generally known, it was triumphantly successful. But with the other side of the Rhine he was only concerned for the first few weeks of the campaign, and it is to this section of the terrain that all eyes now turn.

We know that the King of PRUSSIA reached Mayence on Wednesday, and that on Tuesday there was only one battalion to cover, on the Prussian front at Saarbrück, the junction of the railroad to Trèves. It is evident that the Prussians could not have fixed on that advanced part of the country for their concentration. They may have chosen to form one of their three armies about Trèves, but that would be with the view of threatening the Emperor in an advance on Mayence rather than to unite with corps assembling near that fortress. It is noteworthy that we have only heard of one corps arriving on the higher Moselle—a force sufficient to watch the passages through that difficult country, but hardly to do more. Indeed it needs no elaborate argument to prove that, had the Prussian army been concentrating near the Saar, the charge of an important railway junction there would not have been left to an isolated battalion. Whether the French are now in a position to advance is what, after their unexpected delay, we do not pretend to be sure of; but we are certain that their enemies had not, up to Wednesday, advanced to the Vosges, and our historic retrospect to-day only confirms the impression we had before, that the real contact of the army will take place between the line of Sarreguimenes and Bitche and the Rhine. The very narrowness of the area on which these huge masses of men are closing almost bars to their chiefs the finer efforts of strategy, and seems to promise the first success to the hardest-fighting and best-supplied army.

DUTIES OF RANK IN THE CRISIS.

IT is now to be as the people wish. We and our rulers, so we are told, understand each other completely. Neutral England intends to be, but it is to be a "secured" neutrality, which is of course a better, because a safer, if rather more unintelligible, phrase than an "armed" neutrality. But whatever our neutrality is to be, we are at least going to raise more soldiers, and even to arm them better. Our little army is to be made the most of. Mr. Cardwell is talking so much about it that he will soon persuade himself that we are quite an important military Power; what with the First Reserves and Second Reserves and Militia which are to be, and the Volunteers, now numbering 168,000 men, when they are armed. And Lord Northbrook assures us that when there are enough Snider rifles in store, which there will be some day, the Militia will be supplied with them; and when the Militia are all supplied with Sniders then the Volunteers will get them, but "gradually, and when it is ascertained that these arms of precision will be properly taken care of." When "the Government is satisfied on this point, and when it is ascertained that the Volunteers can use breechloaders, then they will have breechloaders," that is when there are breechloaders for them to have, which at present there are not, but it is hoped there soon will be. Tepid hopes these, and somewhat lengthening prospects, but it is something. To be sure we have been told, and not inopportunistly, by the *Times*, that "if speed and energy are shown at the War Office" all will be well. We shall have plenty to do, but there is time enough, only it must be done in three months. Our opportunity is limited to the present autumn. About November, then, it may, it seems, be expected that the two lions now tearing at each other will mutually agree to lie down and murder the lamb—and then? Why then we shall most likely have to show what has come of our secured, or our armed, neutrality. Three months is but a short time to raise 20,000 men and to train them, and to make anything of the Militia and the Reserves, and to manufacture breechloaders by the

hundred thousand, and to arm the Volunteers with them. Because, till this is done, our neutrality is neither armed nor secured.

However, there is, we hope, in the country something better to trust to than Mr. Cardwell's or Lord Northbrook's complacent assurances and rose-coloured promises. We have ourselves to look to. Here is solid ground. And first about the Volunteers. War Office officials and Secretaries are perhaps, because they cannot help it, likely just now to be civil to the Volunteers, at least till this tyranny be overpast. Already the Volunteers are beginning to be talked of as part of the Reserve, and they are named in the same breath as the Landwehr. This is something. The Volunteers have so long been in the chilling shade that they will quite bask in the warm beams of civility, and perhaps they may look forward to being treated with justice, and even may speculate upon generosity from the Government. Anyhow, whatever the causes of complaint have been on their part, or are, we feel, and they feel, that this is not the time to show them. The patriotism which first invoked these fine bodies will not be wanting now, but there is a much more serious future before them than at any moment since the Volunteer movement commenced. After all it may be that, at no very distant time, the country will have to call on the Volunteers to redeem pledges which, given always with sincerity, have become somewhat conventional. The Volunteers will always—so after-dinner speeches say—be ready in the hour of danger. This is the hour of danger. The Volunteers reach to a considerable cipher—on paper. But we much fear that, however illusive the returned strength of a regiment or battalion of regulars is, the 168,000 Volunteers do not exist in any reliable sense. The three months' grace given to the War Office may also be usefully employed by the Volunteers. The country has duties to the Volunteers, and Mr. Cardwell, with his two millions in hand, is going, we suppose, to discharge some of these duties. The Volunteers, again, have duties to the country and to themselves. There is, in the first instance, the duty of getting and training recruits; the present state of public feeling must be made use of, and, if we are determined to show a bold front to all the world, we make no doubt that recruiting for the Volunteers in every place where a corps exists will be as active as in the slums of Westminster.

But we ask more than this. We ask for increased and effective and constant drill among the Volunteers during the autumn; we look for the return to their old companions in arms of those, something now of the nature of veterans, who have served, but who for various causes—even if official snubbing is one of them—have sent in their resignations. Their first enthusiasm, which from the necessity of the case must to some extent have cooled down, will, with the very slightest encouragement, soon blaze up in the presence of a real and serious necessity. The spirit of the recruits may be relied upon. But it will also be well for the Volunteers to take themselves fairly to task. The cause has, it is not to be denied, languished, and there are many reasons why it should have done so, some external and some internal to the Volunteer body. The Volunteers must remember that what their existence means is becoming soldiers and fit for the field. Their success as marksmen is recognised, but popinjay work is not soldiering. Wimbledon presents a picturesque combination, and a corps camping out in fine weather has its charms; but picnicing in uniform is not soldiering. Soldiering means hard work, constant work, wearisome drill, and practice in many duties—field works and entrenchment—in which the Volunteers are not exercised at all. The Enfield rifle has its uses, but the use of the spade and pickaxe is what, in the case of invasion, the Volunteers, to be of any use, must be trained to. The brief interval of preparation may well be employed in other soldiers' duties than those with which our skilled riflemen are familiar; and the War Office will be well advised, only it is above advice, in attending to the more scientific training of the Volunteers.

Something else remains to be said. The noble spirit which called out the Volunteer forces is, we are assured, still strong, especially in the middle classes. The best and most effective corps consist at the present moment of clerks and shopmen and small tradesmen. But of the officers much is now demanded. Too many of them have learned to think that they are probably ornamental because they are certainly not useful. To get on horseback once a year, and to flaunt on parade at an annual inspection before the ladies and the Lord-Lieutenant, is not to be a Volunteer officer; and it is to be hoped that the present emergency will rid the service of amateur officers, or still better, will send them to constant duty with their men. Unless a Volunteer officer is or can make himself capable of training recruits, he had better retire and give place to a better, if less socially distinguished, successor. And this consideration of the internal state of the Volunteer force leads onwards to reflections referring rather to outside matters. We have no misgivings at all as to the spirit of the English people. The present emergency is in some sense to be welcomed, because it will bring out, we are sure, in an admirable way the national spirit and the duties of all classes in the crisis. But there is a word to say to the upper classes in connexion with it. Station entails special duties in such an hour as the present. No doubt war is not a profession in this country as it is in such great military Powers as France and Prussia. But patriotism is a duty which belongs to every people. There may be much of melodrama in the Prince Imperial taking the field, and policy on the part of the Emperor may have impelled him to submit his only son to the baptism of fire, as he theatrically expresses it. And, again,

Crown Princes and Royal Princes are only in their natural place in command of Prussian armies. But there is something of example, which here in England we should do well to follow, in the spectacle of younger sons of noble families in France, and of members of distinguished German Principalities, seeking military service. Half the Almanack of Gotha has put on uniform. At "the time when Kings go forth to battle," there are some other duties open to those who are our Kings that are to be than putting on the harness of a shooting-jacket. What of our Royal Princes, of our young nobility, of our unemployed and idle *jeunesse dorée*? It is, we believe, considered what is called "bad form" to be enthusiastic about anything nowadays. Very likely patriotism and the defence of the country will be deemed an "awful bore," and inconsistent with the repose required by English rank. Half of this talk is cant and the other half affectation, which may as well in serious times be laid aside as the contemptible and hollow mockery which it is. The next three months will have a blessed effect if they can be made to dispel this lazy dawdling *insouciant* attitude which it has pleased the languid young men of the period to assume. We expect, we almost demand, of those to whom the hint is directed to hear something less of Hurlingame, and gun clubs, and Norfolk bags of part-ridges, and returns of the killed and wounded on Scotch moors, and of projected *battues* of pheasants, and more of drilling with the Volunteers. Most of our Volunteer Corps are decorated with aristocratic colonels and majors, who are to be found in the Court Calendar, but are not so available on the drill-ground. Here is an opportunity for showing the English nation that they are right in assenting to the existence of an aristocratic class, chiefly because that aristocracy recognises the only true condition of its existence. Field sports, athletic exercises, the destruction of much of the furred and feathered creation, hunting and yachting, are to be defended chiefly because they tend to develop a manly character; but that character will show itself most manly which most closely identifies itself with the spirit and, as at present, with the necessity of the English people. The official journals of the two great nations now in arms will announce, indeed do announce daily, what royal and noble personages are doing in the front, in presence of the enemy, in camp and field. We deprecate any ground for invidious comparisons which are sure to be made. The time has passed, or at any rate this is not the time, for the Court Newsman to assure us that "the distinguished party at Deloraine Castle, or, as the case may be, the guests now on a visit to Mr. Bugg, who has recently purchased the great Norfolk preserves at Stubbleton, consisting of H.R.H., &c., Lord X., the Marquis of Y., and the Duke of Z., have had fine sport during the past week, bagging a total of two thousand head of game." Very likely, indeed very certain it is, that those who occupy high station, even the highest station among us, have not, and perhaps cannot have, what is called a fair chance in the way of public employment. An opportunity not so showy as that of commanding large armies in the field is now open to them. English princes and nobles, and aquires of broad acres, some of whose names are to be found we suppose in the Army List, will not be out of place in the humbler sphere of the Volunteers. In this station, to which the present emergency invites them, they may do service to the country; but there can be no question that they will do service to themselves and to their noble blood and high rank.

WHOM TO HATE.

ALL good Christians are bound to love one another, and their scrupulous fulfilment of the duty is matter of general notoriety. There are, indeed, certain persons of so fortunate a constitution that they seem to be incapable of really cherishing a feeling of antipathy to any human being. They find something worthy of love in the most detestable, or, what is more difficult, the most disagreeable, or, what is sometimes the most difficult of all, even in the most irreproachable of their species. Such men, or rather such women, are the salt of the earth, if indeed salt does not convey the idea of too much pungency. Rather they are the centres from which is perpetually diffused a soothing influence which goes far to soften the rough edges of the world, and to destroy the harshness too often generated by the collisions of daily life. They are so common that few people can have lived to the age of eighty or ninety without knowing, or at least hearing of, one of them. But, for ordinary purposes, it must be admitted that there is a good deal in the Johnsonian admiration for a good hater. The incapacity for hatred, that is, is generally the result of a defect rather than a positive virtue. The people who hate nobody are for the most part like Pope's women—

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.

They are of the passionless and insipid order, who do not hate simply because they have not the strength of character to entertain any very strong or decided passion. And therefore, taking men as they are and not as they ought to be, we are rather pleased than otherwise by discovering that a man has a good, hearty, unreasonable hatred for some of his neighbours, because it proves at least that he has strong emotions, and is something better than one of the ciphers of society. We do not say that he would not be capable of improvement, for that would be a somewhat rash assertion to venture about anybody; but if it is clear

that he does not belong to the highest, it is also clear that he does not belong to the lowest and most numerous class of human beings, and therefore the net result of the discovery is decidedly in his favour. It proves that he is above the average of humanity. We have taken a coin out of a bag at random, according to the usual mathematical illustration, and find that if it is not pure gold, at any rate it is not, as might have been expected, made of worthless copper; and we rejoice accordingly.

It must be admitted, however, that if a certain amount of hatred is a necessary ingredient in society as actually constituted, it is a rather dangerous element. If we were asked to determine its correct use, our natural impulse would be to begin by defining the class of mankind which is uniformly hateful to all sensible men. We find, however, almost immediately that the task is really impracticable. Who, for example, it might be asked, can be more properly considered as an enemy of the human race than the unmitigated bore? Can any one who is himself tolerable tolerate such a being as the *Jawkins* of the *Snob Papers*? Observe one of those monsters who lie in wait for innocent visitors to Clubs; the man of whom Victor Hugo's *pieuvre* may be considered as a faint representation; who somehow involves you in his imperceptible but irresistible tentacula, and grapples you to himself till he has sucked you dry, by an exquisitely painful process, of all the information you contain; and then, less merciful than the *pieuvre*, which casts its victims aside after exhausting them, proceeds to force upon you all the barren twaddle which he has extracted from the nutriment supplied by previous sufferers. We say nothing of the manners and customs of this social scourge; of the way in which, in the absence of living prey, he attracts to his clutches all the newspapers within a vast radius; of the hideous groans and snortings and inarticulate sounds which may perhaps be regarded as a providential warning, like the rattle of a snake; and of the tyranny which he exercises over helpless domestics. Is not such a man, one may ask, a worthy object of hatred? Yet, as a matter of observation, we have always found that even the worst of bores has certain appropriate hangers-on, who believe more or less in his merits. He does not, curiously enough, prey upon his own species; for the bore has an instinctive dread of other bores, probably because he dimly recognises his own likeness, and would be bitterly insulted if you classified him with his natural brethren. But he has his followers, as the shark has his pilot-fish; innocent and unsuspecting persons who believe in his stories, and consider him to be a remarkably well-informed and affable man. A bore indeed is generally a man of so many solid virtues and such undeniable usefulness as a doer of the dismal work from which all other men shrink, that he deserves and receives a certain amount of affection. Conscientious and what are called "earnest" men are apt to regard him as an ill-treated servant of the public, who is disliked because he is too uniformly zealous. The same difficulty occurs with almost any other genus of disagreeable person. A bully is generally adored by his wife and by that large class of mankind which likes to be browbeaten; a liar, if he is a liar of the least merit, is almost certain of a wide popularity; and though we all think it right to abuse flatterers, we have a sneaking regard at the bottom of our hearts for men who possess any considerable skill in so delightful an art. In short, it is next to impossible to point out any type of character which is uniformly or even generally hateful. We all have our pet prejudices, but they are so contradictory and uncertain that they pretty well counterbalance each other. It would be easy, indeed, to point to two or three people who by some singular felicity have succeeded in making themselves almost universally unpopular; but the feat is performed by an ingenious combination of various repulsive qualities, which is so subtle as to defy analysis. We cannot deduce any general principle from single instances, which, like the genius of Shakspeare, seem to defy all the ordinary observations upon human nature.

There is, indeed, a difficulty which strikes us at first sight. It is notoriously difficult to guess whether any two persons both of whom may be intimately known to us will be friends or enemies when brought together. It is generally agreed that there should be a certain contrast, and that the contrast should not be too wide; but it is impossible to go much further and define the nature of the particular contrast desirable. As a general rule, we may perhaps say, two very shy men will dislike each other. They are so much afraid of treading on each other's toes, and are made so uncomfortable by the sight of their neighbour's discomfort, that they get into a state of more than ordinary nervousness. The shy man is therefore most at his ease with somebody who is totally regardless of his vagaries, and blurts out anything that comes into his head in the most uncompromising fashion. He would rather receive a downright shock at intervals than be kept in a constant fidget by a companion as touchy and sensitive as himself. But there are obvious limits to this principle. A man of irritable nerves feels the soothing influence of a calmer nature; he is soothed and quieted by contact with a certain mixture of firmness and gentleness, and naturally loves the person who is able to administer the anodyne. But if calmness goes beyond a certain point, if the command of temper passes into absolute stolidity, nothing can be more irritating. If, to take a trifling instance, an excitable person is in danger of missing a train, and his companion is as excitable as himself, they will work each other into a fever; if the companion is calm to a judicious degree, they may both benefit by the mutual reaction; but if, again, the companion is so stolid as to be incapable of sympathy, the

divergence of sentiment may lead to a quarrel for life. In short, the management of an irritable temper requires a special degree of delicacy, which is missed equally either by excess or defect of sympathy. Much the same may be said in regard to many other qualities; people like each other from a certain undefinable harmony, and hate each other when, for equally inscrutable reasons, the harmony becomes a discord; but it is simply impossible to lay down any distinct principles on so delicate a subject, as everybody who has tried the experiment of bringing two friends together knows the utter uncertainty of the result. We may often see a boy who was disliked by all his schoolfellows become popular at college, and perhaps be detested again in after life. The relation, as certain philosophers would say, between the organism and its environment is so delicate, and so easily inverted by almost imperceptible circumstances, that it is impossible, in the present state of science, to make any positive assertions upon the subject.

We might, however, without entering upon the impossible task of determining who hates who, and for what reason, attempt to give a short catalogue of some of the most generally offensive qualities; though fully admitting that no recipe for producing a perfectly hateful being can be uniformly successful. In regard of merely physical qualities, it is obvious, for reasons too plain to be mentioned, that such a man ought to be handsome to any desirable degree; but he should be endowed with one of those loud discordant voices which go through one like the sharpening of a saw, and may resound from Charing Cross to Temple Bar. We have known disagreeable men with soft voices, and occasionally we have met with the inverse case; but, in nine cases out of ten, the offensive man is proclaimed by a voice which seems to "grate harsh thunder" as a manifest warning to his species. He should be of irreproachable morals, that we may always be checked by virtuous people when we wish to abuse him; and for the same reason, it would be as well that he should be a clergyman and strong in some shade of dogmatic theology; we may then be certain that we shall be provided with antagonists in the shape of a small chorus of admirers, and these will keep up our zeal whenever it is in danger of cooling. If this last condition cannot be fulfilled, he should be a thoroughgoing Radical; not because we regard a Radical, as such, as more noxious than a Conservative, but because he is more likely to be aggressive, and certain to be offensively triumphant. It is unnecessary to say that he should be absolutely pachydermatous, and tread upon our tenderest sentiments without appearing to be conscious of it. Otherwise we should not be under the same necessity of artificially heating our wrath in order to make it effective. One can hardly hate a man to a satisfactory extent unless he is rather difficult to wound. He should be of course successful, and successful in some line in which most people are ambitious; and yet we should be profoundly convinced at heart, though we are unable to demonstrate to the world at large, that he is a thorough impostor. We should be able to represent to ourselves that in assailing him we are discharging a great public duty and overthrowing an idol whose worship is causing widespread injury to mankind. If he is in such a position that we cannot assail him with propriety—if, for example, he is a close relation or our official superior—our dislike will be proportionately intensified. In private life, he should be punctual to a minute, an early riser, offensively supplied with money, a regular churchgoer, worshipped by his wife and children, and socially successful. He should patronize us with elaborate affability whenever we meet him in society, and his name should head the list of innumerable subscriptions, and his presence at public meetings be ardently desired. That a man may be all this, and yet be the object of general and reasonable hatred, may sound paradoxical; but unless he is something of the kind, our hatred can scarcely rise above dislike, or be of that kind which is a real comfort to unregenerate humanity.

WOMANLINESS.

THERE are certain words, suggestive rather than descriptive, the value of which lies in their very vagueness and elasticity of interpretation, by which each mind can write its own commentary, each imagination sketch out its own illustration. And one of these is Womanliness; a word infinitely more subtle in meaning, with more possibilities of definition, more light and shade, more facets, more phases, than the corresponding word, manliness. This indeed must necessarily be so, since the character of women is so much more varied in colour and more delicate in its many shades than that of men. We call it womanliness when a lady of refinement and culture overcomes the natural shrinking of sense, and voluntarily enters into the circumstances of sickness and poverty, say, that she may help the suffering in their hour of need; when she can bravely go through some of the most shocking experiences of humanity for the sake of the higher law of charity; and we call it womanliness when she removes from herself every suspicion of grossness, or coarseness, or ugliness, and makes her life as dainty as a picture, as lovely as a poem. She is womanly when she asserts her own dignity, womanly when her highest pride is the sweetest humility, the tenderest self-suppression; womanly when she protects the weaker, womanly when she submits to the stronger; to bear in silence and to act with vigour, to come to the front on some occasions, to efface herself on others, are alike the characteristics of true womanliness; as is also the power to be at once

practical and æsthetic, the careful worker-out of minute details, and the upholder of a sublime idealism, the house-mistress dispensing bread, and the priestess serving in the temple. In fact, it is a very proteus of a word, and means many things by turns; but it never means anything but what is sweet, tender, gracious, and beautiful. Yet, protean as it is in form, its substance has hitherto been considered simple enough, and its limits very exactly defined; and we used to think we knew to a shade what was womanly and what was unwomanly—where, for instance, the nobleness of dignity ended and the hardness of self-assertion began; while no one could mistake the heroic sacrifice of self for the indifference to pain and the grossness belonging to a coarse nature, which last is as essentially unwomanly as the first is one of the finest manifestations of true womanliness. But if this exactness of interpretation belonged to past times, the utmost confusion prevails at present; and one of the points on which society is now at issue in all directions is just this very question—what is essentially unwomanly? and what are the only rightful functions of true womanliness? Men and tradition say one thing, certain women say another thing; and if what these women say is to become the rule, society will have to be reconstructed altogether, and a new order of human life must begin. We have no objection to this, provided the new order is better than the old, and the modern phase of womanhood more beautiful, more useful to the community at large, more elevating to general morality than was the ancient. But the whole matter hangs on this proviso; and until it can be shown for certain that the latter phase is undeniably the better we will hold by the former.

There are certain old—superstitions must we call them?—in our ideas of women, with which we should be loth to part. For instance, the infinite importance of a mother's influence over her children, and the joy that she herself took in their companionship—the pleasure that it was to her to hold a baby in her arms, her delight and maternal pride in the beauty, the innocence, the quaint ways, the odd remarks, the half-embarrassing questions, the first faint dawnings of reason and individuality of the little creatures to which she had given life, and which were part of her very being—that pleasure and maternal pride were among the characteristics we used to ascribe to womanliness; as also the mother's power of forgetting herself for her children, of merging herself in them as they grew older, and finding her own best happiness in theirs. But among the advanced women who despise the tame teachings of what was once meant by womanliness, maternity is considered a bore rather than a blessing; the children are shunted to the side when they come; and ignorant undisciplined nurses are supposed to do well for wages what mothers will not do for love. Also we held it as womanliness when women resolutely refused to admit into their presence, to discuss or hear discussed before them, impure subjects, or even doubtful ones; when they kept the standard of delicacy, of purity, of modesty, at a high level, and made men respect, even if they could not imitate. Now the running between them and men whose delicacy has been rubbed off long ago by the coarse contact of coarse life is very close; and some of them go far beyond those of us whose lives have been of a quieter and less experimental kind. Nothing, indeed, is so startling to a man who has not lived in personal and social familiarity with certain subjects, and who has retained the old chivalrous superstitions about the modesty and innocent ignorance of women, as the easy, unembarrassed coolness with which his fair neighbour at a dinner-table will dash off into thorny paths, managring between the soup and the grapes to run through the whole gamut of improper subjects. It was also an old notion that rest and quiet and peace were natural characteristics of womanliness, and that life had been not unfairly apportioned between the sexes, each having its own distinctive duties as well as virtues, its own burdens as well as its own pleasures. Man was to go out and do battle with many enemies; he was to fight with many powers, to struggle for place, for existence, for natural rights, to give and take hard blows, to lose perhaps this good impulse, or that noble quality in the fray, the battle-field of life not being that wherein the highest virtues take root and grow. But he had always a home, where was one whose sweeter nature brought him back to his better self, a place whence the din of the battle was shut out, where he had time for rest and spiritual reparation, where a woman's love and gentleness and tender thought and unselfish care helped and refreshed him, and made him feel that the prize was worth the struggle, that the home was worth the fight to keep it. And surely it was not asking too much of women that they should be beautiful and tender to the men whose whole life out of doors was one of work for them, of vigorous toil that they might be kept in safety and luxury. But to the advanced woman it seems so; consequently the home as a place of rest for the man is becoming daily more rare. Soon, it seems to us, there will be no such thing as the old-fashioned home left in England. Women are swarming out at all doors, running hither and thither among the men, clamouring for arms that they may enter into the fray with them, anxious to lay aside their tenderness, their modesty, their womanliness, that they may become hard and fierce and self-asserting like them, thinking it a far higher thing to leave the home and the family to take care of themselves, or under the care of some incompetent hireling, while they take up the manly professions and make themselves the rivals in trade of their husbands and brothers. Once it was considered an essential of womanliness that a woman should be a good house-mistress, a judicious dispenser of the income, a careful guide to her servants, a clever manager generally. Now practical housekeeping is a degradation, and the free soul which

disdains the details of housekeeping yearns for the intellectual employment of an actuary, of a law clerk, of a banker's clerk; making pills is held to be a nobler employment than making puddings; while to distinguish between the merits of Egyptians and Mexicans, the Turkish Loan or the Spanish, is considered a greater exercise of mind than to know fresh salmon from stale, and how to lay in household stores with judgment. But the last is just as important as the first, and even more so; for the occasional pill, however valuable, is not so valuable as the daily pudding, and not all the accumulations made by lucky speculation are of any use if the house-bag which holds them has a hole in it.

Once women thought it no ill compliment that they should be considered the depositaries of the highest moral sentiments. If they were not held the wiser or the more logical of the two sections of the human race, they were held the more religious, the more angelic, the better taught of God, and the nearer to the way of grace. Now they repudiate the assumption as an insult, and call that the sign of their humiliation which was once their distinguishing glory. They don't want to be patient; self-sacrifice is only a euphemism for slavish submission to manly tyranny; the quiet peace of home is miserable monotony; and though they have not come to the length of renouncing the Christian virtues theoretically, their theory makes but weak practice, and the womanliness integral to Christianity is by no means the rule of life of modern womanhood. But the oddest part of the present odd state of things is the curious blindness of women to what is most beautiful in themselves. And granting even that the world has turned so far upside down that the one sex does not care to please the other, still there is a good of itself in beauty, which some of our modern women seem to overlook. And of all kinds of beauty that which is included in what we mean by womanliness is the greatest and the most beautiful. A womanly woman has neither vanity nor hardness. She may be pretty, most likely she is, and she may know it; for, not being a fool, she cannot help seeing it when she looks at herself in the glass; but knowing the fact is not being conscious of the possession, and a pretty woman, if of the right ring, is not vain, though she prizes her beauty as she ought. And she is as little hard as vain. Her soul is not given up to ribbons, but neither is she indifferent to externals, and to dress among them. She knows that part of her natural mission is to please and be charming, and she knows that dress sets her off, and that men feel more enthusiastically towards her when she is looking fresh and pretty than when she is a dowdy and a fright. And, being womanly, she likes the admiration of men, and thinks their love a better thing than their indifference. If she likes men she loves children, and neither shunts them to the nursery siding, nor frets over her miseries when forced to have them about her. She knows that she was designed by God and nature for a mother, sent into the world for that purpose mainly, and she knows that rational maternity means more than simply giving life, and then leaving it to others to preserve it. She has no newfangled notions about the animal character of motherhood, or about the degrading character of housekeeping. On the contrary, she thinks a populous and happy nursery one of the greatest blessings of her state, and she puts her pride in the perfect ordering, the exquisite arrangements, the comfort, thoughtfulness, and beauty of her house. She is not above her *métier* as a woman, and she does not want to ape the manliness she can never possess.

She has always been taught that, as there are certain manly virtues, so are there certain feminine ones; and that she is the most womanly among women who has those virtues in greatest abundance and in the highest perfection. She has taken it to heart that patience, self-sacrifice, tenderness, quietness, with some others, of which modesty is one, are the virtues more especially feminine; just as courage, justice, fortitude, and the like, belong to men. Passionate ambition, virile energy, the love of strong excitement, self-assertion, fierceness, and an undisciplined temper, are all qualities which detract from her idea of womanliness, and which make her less beautiful than she was meant to be; consequently she has cultivated all the meek and tender affections, all the unselfishness and thought for others which have hitherto been the distinctive property of woman, by the exercise of which she has done her best work, and earned her highest place. She thinks it no degradation that she should take pains to please, to soothe, to comfort the man who all day long has been doing irksome work that her home may be beautiful and her life at ease. She does not think it incumbent on her, as a woman of spirit, to fly out at an impatient word, to answer back a momentary irritation with defiance, to play Roland to his Oliver; her womanliness inclines her to loving forbearance, to patience under difficulties, to unwearied cheerfulness under such portion of the inevitable burden as may have been laid on her; she does not hold herself predestined by nature to receive only the best of everything, and deem herself affronted where her cross is bound on her shoulders. Rather, she understands that she too must take the rough with the smooth; but that, as her husband's way in life is rougher than hers, his trials greater, his burden heavier, it is her duty—and her privilege—to help him all she can with her tenderness and her love; and to give back to him at home, if in a different form, some of the care he has expended while abroad to make her path smooth. In a word, the womanliness which we all once loved and have still a kind of traditional belief in is the womanliness that regards the wishes of men as of some weight in female action—that holds to love rather than opposition; to reverence, not defiance; that takes more

pride in her husband's fame than in her own; that glories in the protection of his name, and in her state as wife; that feels the honour given to her as wife and matron far dearer than any she may earn for personal prowess; and that believes in her consecration as a helpmeet for man, not in a rivalry which a few generations will ripen into a coarse and bitter enmity.

THE RHINE FRONTIER.

A DROP of water is a small and harmless matter, yet drops constantly falling will, according to the proverb, wear away the hardest stones, and drops constantly falling are always said to have been the most effectual of the tortures of the Inquisition. In the like sort there is no way of getting believed like saying a thing over and over again. Never mind its being false from the beginning; never mind its being refuted over and over again; say it again and again boldly. The endless dripping will wear away the stone; men will in the end believe what they hear so often; it may even happen that the man who says it will in the end come to believe it himself. It is like advertising; the reason is unconvinced, but something stronger than reason drives men to go and buy at the house whose name is so constantly set before their eyes. It is like electioneering. No argument, no presumption of a man's political capacity is conveyed by sticking up his name in every corner in the largest possible letters. But the thing pays; if the big letters do not appeal to the reason, they appeal to something stronger, and men come at last to believe that he whose name meets them so often in so striking a form cannot fail to be something beyond the common. So it is with all political formulas. Repeat them often and boldly, and people will repeat them after you; they will come by mere repetition to believe them and to fancy that they understand them. In this way words are stronger than deeds. The present ruler of France has so often told us how pure and beneficent his motives are that some people have believed his words and forgotten his deeds. Lord Malmesbury at any rate has. It is quite painful to him that any one should suspect his dear and faithful ally of having done anything amiss. That his dear and faithful ally was the man of December 1851 had been quite washed out of his mind by the continual droppings of "Imperial" rosewater. As with the chief, so with the people. Frenchmen have gone on so long telling the world that the Rhine is their "natural frontier" that people have at last got to believe them, and possibly they even believe it themselves. This state of mind on the part of the general public is perhaps typified by a correspondent of the *Times* a few days back. He wrote to say how dangerous it would be if France did get the Rhine frontier; but even in so saying he seemed hampered by the notion that France had some sort of right to the Rhine frontier. The talk of so many Frenchmen hung about him like a nightmare, and it did not come into his head to say openly and straightforwardly that France has no more claim to the frontier of the Rhine than it has to the frontier of the Elbe or the Volga.

While falsehood thus makes its way in the world by continual dropping, the only chance for truth is to try what it can do by dropping back again. No doubt the odds are greatly on the side of falsehood. The great advantage of the dropping process is that it is mere dropping, mere constant, unchanged, unabashed assertion; to venture on argument would be to break the charm. For argument appeals to reason, and suggests the troublesome process of thinking, while the beauty of a formula is that you can carry it off and spread it abroad without any thinking at all. But truth, having arguments on its side, is ever tempted to use them, and so it stands at a disadvantage. The man who simply blusters seems so honest and straightforward; the man who stops and reasons and makes distinctions looks so like a sophist who does not half believe in himself. Then again in many cases falsehood is positive, while truth is simply negative. Falsehood has its formula; truth has not always got its formula to fling back again. To many minds it would seem at once to settle the controversy to say, "If the Rhine is not the natural frontier of France, what is its natural frontier?" To hem and haw, to suggest doubts about natural frontiers in general, to make some faint suggestion about the Rhone and the Saône, to hint that the Gaul of Cæsar and the France of Buonaparte are two utterly different things—all this would be at once set down as the subterfuges of a man who cannot give a plain answer to a plain question. As long as thou doest well unto thyself, men will speak good of thee. And as long as thou sayest thy say boldly and unflinchingly, men will believe in thee.

We will therefore begin our process of dropping by affirming—certainly not for the first time, but then it is the essence of the process that it should not be for the first time—that France has no sort of claim, historical or geographical, to the frontier of the Rhine, and also that, instead of France having any right to complain of or be frightened at the consolidation of Germany, Germany has far more right to complain of and to be frightened at the consolidation of France. We say it now, as we have said it before, and as, whenever there shall be need, we shall be ready to say it again, that there never was a case in which crafty men have more skilfully taken advantage of confusions of words and names, and have therewith sucked no small advantage. When we are told that the Rhine is the natural frontier of France, one of two things must be meant. Either we are to understand that some physical necessity makes it so, or else that it has been so historically from time immo-

morial, and that any arrangement to the contrary is a modern innovation. Now, in a case of this sort, to show that a frontier has no historical existence at all goes a long way to show that there is no physical necessity for such a boundary. A river is not like the sea, nor even like a chain of mountains. It may not be thought very outrageous to say that the Pyrenees are the natural boundary of Spain, and it may be thought still less outrageous to say that the sea is the natural boundary of Great Britain. It is indeed certain that the Pyrenees have not been in all ages an effectual political frontier. The Kings of the West-Goths ruled on each side of them, so did the early Carolingian Emperors, so did the Kings of Aragon and of Navarre; while in later times still Roussillon was a province of Spain, and to this day it is not Spain but France which is the protector of the Republic of Andorra. Still the barrier of the Pyrenees does look as if it were designed by nature to be the frontier of two distinct nations; there does seem to be a certain incongruity either in a Spanish Power ruling to the north of them, or in a Gaulish Power ruling to the south. But a river cannot be a natural boundary in this sense, simply because it is not in the same way a natural barrier. It may be a convenient frontier, as often avoiding questions and difficulties, but it is nothing more. If the actual boundary of race and language runs very near a great river—if, for instance, there were merely one or two German villages on the left bank of the Rhine, and if moreover there were one or two French villages on the right—it might be better to give and take, and to establish a frontier about which there can be no controversy, instead of running the chance of endless disputings about an acre or two on each side. If such were the case, it would be reasonable enough to say that the Rhine is the natural frontier of France and Germany. But when, as a matter of fact, the frontier of the two races and languages has never at any time been anywhere near the Rhine, when the speech of the left bank has for ages been as strictly German as the speech of the right, when it is only through modern conquests that the political power of France has ever come near the Rhine, it is hard to understand what is meant by the Rhine being the natural frontier of France. Why the Rhine? Why not the Elbe? The Elbe is not more purely German than the Rhine, and the word Elbe is not harder to say. Why, on the other hand, should not Germany claim, not only the Maas or the Saône, which might pass roughly for its historical frontiers, but the Seine or the Loire, or any other French river it might choose to hit upon? A French claim to the Rhine is, we distinctly affirm, as unreasonable as a German claim to the Seine; it is much more unreasonable than a German claim to the Maas.

Yet we are ready to believe that the claim, unreasonable as it is, is something more than mere random bluster; we can believe that there are people who put it forth in good faith. With such the claim arises from an historical confusion. The Rhine was the boundary, at least the permanent boundary, of the Roman province of Gaul, and it is assumed that France represents Gaul, and that whatever was then Gaulish ought now to be French. It might perhaps be dangerous to reconstruct the map of Europe after a pattern fifteen hundred years old, a pattern which was certainly not traced out with much regard to the rights of nationalities, but with much more regard to the convenience of the common conquerors of all. If the arrangements of the days of the Roman Empire are necessarily to be followed now, if modern nations are to adapt their geography to the geography of Roman provinces, it can only be on the principle that the Power which then bore rule over all still exists or ought to exist—in short, that there ought to be a universal Cæsar somewhere or other. And whether we look for our Cæsar at Paris or at Berlin, at Florence, at Vienna, or at Constantinople, the consequences in any of these cases would not be likely to meet with general acceptance everywhere. There is really no reason for calling the Rhine the natural frontier of France, except that, in a state of things which has passed away for fourteen hundred years, it was the boundary of something of which France certainly forms a part, but of which France is certainly in no sort the representative.

Let us for argument's sake assume that modern France, the Duchy which grew into a Kingdom and which now so grotesquely calls itself an Empire, does represent the Celtic portion or the Celtic element in Roman Gaul, it does not at all follow that it has any claim to represent Roman Gaul as a whole. Roman Gaul contained at least three of what it is the fashion to call nationalities. The Latin-speaking Celt may claim to have assimilated the Iberians of the South, but how about the Rhineland itself? It is convenient to forget that in the days of Cæsar, just as much as now, there were Germans on both sides of the Rhine. We need not go into any subtle questions as to the exact amount of the Teutonic element in the Belge; look at any map of Roman Gaul, and the word *Germania* stares you in the face as the name of two of its divisions. There was a Germany on the left bank as well as a Germany on the right bank; the only difference was that the Romans conquered one and were not able to conquer the other. The Rhine, in short, in the days of the Roman province, did not divide Celts from Teutons; it divided conquered Teutons from unconquered. It was the frontier of Roman Gaul only because Roman Gaul took in so much of Germany as Rome had been able to conquer. The Rhine then was not the boundary of nations, but simply the boundary of Roman conquest. Nor has it ever been a permanent boundary in later times. Not being a national boundary, there has been no temptation to make it a political boundary. The Franks ruled on both sides of it alike, their German tongue was spoken on both sides of it alike. In the

various divisions of the Frankish realm under Merwings and Karlings it never occurred to any man to make the Rhine the boundary of the Latin and the Teutonic "Francia," simply because it nowhere formed the boundary of the Latin and the Teutonic speech. If the Western King ever reigned as far as the Rhine, it was simply when, in the shiftings of kingdoms and dynasties, a Karling reigned in the West, and one not a Karling in the East. Then Lotharingia, ever faithful to the Imperial house, preferred, of two German princes, the one who came of the blood of the great Emperor, even though "Francia Latina" was held by him as another portion of his Kingdom. When the sceptre of the West passed away for ever from the Carolingian house, when the West became definitely Latin, the occasional and precarious allegiance of Lotharingia to the West came utterly to an end. The new dynasty, the French house of Paris, had, from the days of Hugh Capet to those of Louis the Fourteenth, no more claim, no more chance of asserting a claim, to the frontier of the Rhine than to the frontier of the Vistula. The horses of Henry the Second indeed once drank of the Rhine, as the horses of Otto the Great had more than once drunk of the Seine. But the beginning of the Rhine as a French frontier was the Alsatian robbery of the seventeenth century, which, forsaking the natural frontier of the Vosges, made the Rhine the French boundary during a small portion of its course. As for the lower course of the great German river, the only claim of France to it lies in the fact that it formed the boundary during a few years of the revolutionary wars. But how little the natural boundary was able to act as a boundary to French ambition is shown by what followed. The Rhine remained the boundary only till it was convenient to advance the boundary further. It was presently found that the Rhine was not enough, that the Elbe was not enough, that the natural boundary of France lay nowhere short of the Baltic. And certainly the frontier of the Baltic had just as much to be said for it on the score of reason or history as the frontier of the Rhine. If Köln, Trier, Mainz, and Aachen ought to be French cities, there was no particular reason why Hamburg and Lübeck should not be French cities too. Each was held for a moment. So was Brussels, so was Amsterdam, so were Geneva, Turin, Trieste, Ragusa, Florence and Rome. The right of France to the Rhineland is just as good and just as bad as its right to the Illyrian provinces of Hungary. It has the right of a former momentary occupation at a time when the world was turned upside down. It is a claim which can be supported only by reasonings which would justify any Power in claiming anything which it had ever held at any moment, near or remote. The right of France to the frontier of the Rhine is far weaker than the right of Germany to the frontier of the Ocean, than the right of England to the frontier of the Pyrenees.

THE EDUCATION BILL IN THE LORDS.

THE Lords have not been fortunate this Session. During the early part of it they were reduced to their customary inaction, but they could console themselves with the thought that two great prizes must in the end sail right across their track. The Irish Land Bill had special attractions for a House of landlords. The English Education Bill had special attractions for a House of bishops. Somehow both have slipped through their fingers. The Land Bill was largely altered in Committee, but then it was altered back again on the Report. The Education Bill did not leave even that mark on the journals. The bishops apparently thought it wisest to leave well alone, and content with getting a fairly impartial Bill from the Government, they did not attempt to make anything else of it. In point of fact, the House of Commons had done its work thoroughly, and whenever this is the case, there is very little left for the Lords to add. In the Education Bill, as in the Land Bill, the Government had given careful consideration to every suggestion offered them, and the acceptance or rejection of each represents a conscientious review of the arguments on each side. It does not follow of course that the conclusion of the Government is necessarily the conclusion of every one interested in education; but men are naturally diffident about proposing amendments which they know have been weighed on their merits, and rejected with a full knowledge of the arguments which can be brought forward on their behalf. It is well for the Upper House that the occasions on which the House of Commons thus spares them the trouble of revision are of extremely rare occurrence. More often a Bill comes up to the Lords in the character of an unlicked calf, and there is then some fair sport to be got out of it. Everything in this life answers some beneficent end, and the carelessness of the House of Commons is evidently ordained to minister work to the House of Lords. It is to be regretted that the bishops took so small a part in the discussion of the Education Bill. We can understand that, while feeling no desire to throw it out, they were a little lukewarm about its success. Or rather, perhaps, they preferred it should succeed without any special advocacy of theirs. But the clergy might fairly have looked for some useful hints upon the working of the Bill, which would have come with more weight from a bishop speaking in his place in Parliament than from any other quarter; and the successful working of the measure depends so largely upon clerical co-operation that we are sorry to see such an opportunity let slip.

The only points (apart from the collateral question of the Ballot) on which any serious attempt was made to alter the Bill were the wording of the Conscience Clause, the limits of age

within which compulsion may be applied at the discretion of the School Boards, and the establishment of free schools. As it came up from the Commons the Conscience Clause was open to one great objection. In endeavouring to secure to the parent perfect liberty of withdrawing his child from religious instruction, it went a long way towards giving the child perfect liberty of withdrawing himself. It was better than the form proposed by the Education League, which made a written request from the parent a necessary condition of a child's presence at a religious lesson, inasmuch as it did not, like that, deprive the children of drunken or ill-conditioned parents of their only chance of any better moral teaching than such as they could get at home. But it prevented the teacher from laying down any rules as to attendance at religious instruction, and thereby placed him at a disadvantage in dealing with obstinate truants. In theory, no doubt, the old form of the clause, which made the child's permission to withdraw dependent on the presentation by the parent of a written objection to his presence at the religious lesson, was far the more rational. The parent had only to state the fact that he objects, and the exclusion of the child from the lesson followed as a matter of course. Unfortunately, however, the right to object to the religious teaching in the parish school is analogous to the right to vote against your landlord at an election. You are perfectly free to exercise it, but you exercise it at your own proper peril. There are some clergymen probably who, while they will accept the Conscience Clause rather than lose the Parliamentary grant, will accept it under secret protest, and hold themselves fully justified in evading its application whenever it is possible to do so. If the squire happens to be like-minded with the rector, or if the two characters are virtually united in the same person, it may be doubted whether the labourer who has just sent in his written objection to the religious teaching of the village schoolmaster would not find his chances of getting work on the land of either potentate considerably fewer. At all events, if the parson were thought to set great store by the attendance of all the school children at the catechism lesson, it would need an unusual strength of dissenting conviction to induce a labourer with an eye for odd jobs to make trial of his respect for conscientious scruples. How far the effect of the clause as originally framed would have been nullified in this way it is difficult to say, but that in some instances it would have remained a dead letter hardly admits of question. Now a Conscience Clause which fails to meet exceptional cases proclaims its own inutility, since by general admission the protection it affords is, in the majority of cases, either not required or practically afforded without it. It is the exceptional cases for which it is wanted. Whether the words added by Lord de Grey, in substitution for some suggested by Lord Carnarvon, really dispose of the difficulty, we are not quite sure. Attendance is not to be required at any religious instruction or observance from which a child has been withdrawn by his parent. The teacher may insist upon the attendance of the scholars generally; but a statement by any child that his parent wishes him to withdraw must be accepted as conclusive, until at all events its falsehood has been ascertained by subsequent reference to the parent. Whenever the clause is fairly worked, this rule will be quite unobjectionable; but it is so certain that it will be equally satisfactory in a school in which there is a predisposition not to work it fairly? We have a practical object in asking this question. We have no wish to see the form of the clause altered back again, but we feel sure that if it is not fairly worked, such alteration back again will inevitably follow in a Session or two. One or two authentic cases of labourers who have told their children to withdraw from the religious lessons, and then yielded under local pressure and waived their conscientious objections, would do more harm to the cause of denominational education than a legion of Mr. Winterbothams. There will be plenty of people on the look-out for grievances of this sort, and they will make full use of their opportunities. If the clergy care to retain the right of making all the scholars whose parents do not object attend the Sunday school or be present at religious instruction, they had better be careful of parental consciences. No permanent good can come of meddling with them, and it is exceedingly likely that a good deal of harm may come of it.

Lord Shaftesbury's proposal to lower the superior limit of age within which compulsion may be applied, from thirteen to ten, raised a question of which we have not heard the last. The difficulty of insisting upon an educational course which will deprive the family of the child's earnings has never yet been confronted. The great mass of those who will be affected by the provision have as yet no idea what it means, and for some time to come the districts in which compulsory by-laws are likely to be passed will be in the towns rather than in the country. As we have already pointed out, the workman living in towns is usually one of the class of skilled workmen, and he knows too much of the value of education, and of the depreciatory effect on the market of child labour, to have any desire to keep his children from school in order to add a few sixpences to his weekly income. But then the skilled artisan has good wages of his own, and he is consequently preserved from the particular temptations which assail the unskilled labourer. When, however, the same sacrifice is expected from the labourer who makes ten or twelve shillings a week, and with that, added to the intermittent earnings of his children, just contrives to make both ends meet, the circumstances of the case are different. All that will be evident to him is the actual and present loss incurred by

keeping his child at school instead of in the field or the factory. The discontent provoked by a compulsory by-law will be more generally felt and less easily laid than the advocates of compulsion are usually willing to allow. At all events its probable existence furnishes an additional argument in favour of permissive compulsion. So long as the regulations by which compulsion is applied express the general sense of the district within which they are operative, there is a fair chance that when issued they will be honestly enforced. If compulsion were at once made co-extensive with the country, we doubt whether this coincidence would hold good. There are enough obstacles in the way of a universal system of compulsory education to prevent those who, like ourselves, believe that we must come to this system in the end from desiring to add any more. It is well that the experiment should have the advantage in its initiatory stage of being worked by sympathizing hands.

The omission of the clause which permits the establishment of free schools is not an improvement. We can understand the motive which led all but one of the bishops present to support Lord Lyttelton's proposal. The prospect of having a free school set up at their very doors is not without its terrors for a voluntary school manager. But it can hardly be denied that there are districts in which the exaction of school fees would be a real barrier to the attendance of children, and where this is the case it seems unreasonable to enact that the School Boards shall not meet this difficulty in the simplest way open to them. The objection of the ratepayers to any additional burden being thrown on the rates may ordinarily be relied on against any needless or extravagant resort to such an expedient, and some useful data as to the general working of gratuitous education may perhaps be gathered from the trial of it on a limited scale and under favourable circumstances. The restoration of the clause in the House of Commons is not therefore a matter for regret.

THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY BILL.

THE Married Women's Property Bill, as amended by the House of Lords, resembles an old coat which has been repaired by the addition of a new body and new sleeves. This child, says Mr. Russell Gurney, is not my child, but it is a good-looking child, and I adopt it. The Bill as it went up to the Lords contained seventeen clauses, besides the clauses which occur in all Bills, and it returns with only three of these seventeen clauses uncancelled, while twelve new clauses have been introduced. The House of Commons has substantially accepted this transformation of its own work, and legislation on this subject is likely to be completed under the guidance of practical sagacity.

The first of the clauses introduced by the House of Lords provides that the earnings of married women shall be their separate property. There is not only no objection to this clause, but such an enactment is highly desirable. The next clause makes similar provision as regards deposits in savings' banks and annuities granted by the Post Office. The next clause provides that any woman, married or about to be married, may apply to the Bank of England to have any sum of stock transferred to her separate use. There are similar provisions as regards shares in joint-stock companies and benefit societies. There is then a clause, not so intelligible, which provides that where a woman married after the passing of the Act shall become entitled to any personal property as next of kin of an intestate, or to any sum of money, not exceeding 200*l.*, under any deed or will, such property shall, subject to the trusts of any settlement affecting the same, belong to the woman for her separate use. Property taken on intestacy of any amount is to be for the woman's separate use, but property taken under deed or will is only to be for her separate use when it does not exceed 200*l.* It is difficult to discover any good reason for the distinction made between these two modes of acquiring property, and still less for fixing the limit as regards property acquired by deed or will at 200*l.* If property exceeding that amount comes to a wife by deed or will, her husband in the absence of a settlement will be entitled to it just as he now is. We should expect that on this part of the Bill the criticism of Miss Becker would with difficulty be answered by Lord Cairns. It is true that there is a practice of the Court of Chancery of enforcing what is called the wife's equity to a settlement, which would continue to qualify, as it now does, the husband's right to his wife's property. But it can scarcely be the deliberate purpose of the Legislature to give to a wife a right without suit up to 200*l.*, and with suit beyond that limit. As regards freehold property that may descend upon any woman married after the passing of the Act, the rents and profits shall, subject to any settlement affecting the same, belong to the woman for her separate use. A married woman may, under another clause, insure her own life or the life of her husband for her separate use. A married man, also, may insure his own life for the benefit of his wife and children. It is rather oddly provided that if the policy be effected by the husband "with intent to defraud his creditors," they shall be entitled to receive out of the sum secured an amount equal to the premiums paid. It is difficult to see how a man can defraud his creditors by insuring his life, but we suppose the meaning to be that, if a man dies insolvent, his creditors shall be entitled to receive the amount of premiums, while the balance of the amount insured shall belong to his

wife and children. This enlargement of the benefit of life insurance seems unobjectionable. It is further provided that a husband may, by writing, agree that any property shall belong after marriage to his wife as her separate property, and this writing will be effectual to enable the wife to sue for such property in her own name. A married woman having separate property may be compelled to maintain her husband or children in case they become chargeable under the Poor-law. This is the whole of the Bill as it emerged from the House of Lords, and in spite of Miss Becker's protest, we will take upon ourselves to say that it remedies an admitted grievance without unnecessarily disturbing the principles of English law. A married woman will be enabled to bring an action for the recovery of her separate property, but there is no provision that an action may be brought against her. The clauses enabling a woman about to be married to have stock or shares transferred to her separate use might perhaps have been extended so as to make provision for her children. At least as regards the public funds, it would be practicable, and probably convenient, to supply what may be called an official trustee for the ordinary purposes of a marriage settlement. The Bill leaves marriage settlements nearly, if not quite, as necessary as before. The wife who has separate property may give it to her husband or her children, and it is to be feared that, in spite of Miss Becker's teaching, wives will still be weak-minded enough to do so.

The cancelled clauses of the Bill embodied a great principle, which must await an age of more complete enlightenment for its reception into the system of English law. The first of these clauses proposed to enact that, with some exceptions, a married woman should be capable of holding, acquiring, alienating, devising, and bequeathing real and personal estate, of contracting, and of suing and being sued as if she were unmarried. There is a breadth and boldness in this proposal which was certain to be displeasing to what Miss Becker would call the cautious pedantry of the House of Lords. But even in the House of Commons the exceptions were allowed to fritter away the principle. Instead of simply enacting that a married woman should have the same power over all property as if she were unmarried, it was provided that, as regarded real property, she should only have power to dispose of it by will, provided, again, that she should have the same power as she possessed under the existing law. This interesting specimen of legislative language was doubtless the result of some sort of compromise between the advocates of woman's rights and the lawyers—for there are lawyers in the House of Commons, although they exist in a very mitigated condition. A wife may dispose of property, but she may not dispose of real property, but she may dispose of real property as she now does. When we come to consider what this curious proposal for legislation really means, we shall see that the apostles of progress have nearly as much reason to be dissatisfied with the House of Commons as with the House of Lords. We should think that Miss Becker must have felt difficulty in setting bounds to her indignation when she heard that the barbarous practice of taking a married woman's acknowledgment of a deed conveying real estate was still to be preserved, after all that her friends had done to bring this department of the law into harmony with the requirements of an enlightened age.

If there are any married ladies who share Miss Becker's opinions on this subject, we beg to offer to them our respectful sympathy upon being deprived by two or three narrow-minded judges and ex-judges of the privilege of being sued to judgment and execution. Married ladies in general are likely, through this interference of the House of Lords, to remain ignorant of the distinction between a contract and a tort. Imprisonment for debt was abolished as regards men at the beginning of this year, and therefore there was no necessity for considering whether it should be applied to women. But under the Bill as it went from the Lower House, a married woman might have enjoyed the luxury of a writ of *fieri facias* against her personal estate, although by another qualification of the great principle of the measure no process could issue against her real estate. It cannot but afflict the minds of thoroughgoing reformers to observe that the lawyers cling to their old-fashioned notions of law with successful pertinacity. We had understood that one of the steps by which the millennium was to be anticipated was the abolition of the antiquated distinction between real and personal estate. Yet these lawyers in the House of Commons, although like Ajax they have been womaned in their talk, are still lawyers enough to engraft this venerable absurdity upon a Bill which emanated from the most advanced leaders of modern civilization. The ruthless hands of the learned lords have not even spared the clause which provided that a husband should not be liable for a wrong committed by his wife. If a wife knocks a man or a woman down her husband will still be liable to pay damages, and therefore he will perhaps still have recourse to the odious method of personal restraint when she threatens to be violent. We believe there never was a Bill which was so eviscerated, for we will not say, as the metaphor is unsuitable, emasculated, as this Bill. And the worst of the affair is that when the Bill has passed it will be treated as a settlement of this question, and Miss Becker will have become—of course not old—but indisposed for political activity before an opportunity may offer for re-opening it. There will doubtless be sympathetic listeners to the story of the shameful treatment of this poor Bill at the next meeting of the Social Science Congress—for we will back the social philo-

sophers to meet and talk although all Europe may be plunged in war. Respectfully condoling with Miss Becker and her friends on their disappointment, we must nevertheless congratulate the country on possessing a House of Lords which had the wisdom to amend this Bill, and a House of Commons which had the wisdom to accept the amendments made in it. There are doubtless many members of the House of Commons who voted for this Bill, and are glad that it did not pass as it went from them. Philosophy in the British Parliament is still happily mitigated by common sense.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

BEFORE proceeding with our review of Drury Lane it is as well to say what remains to be said about Covent Garden. This may be done in a few sentences. To the three-and-twenty operas already enumerated four more have to be added—*Le Domino Noir*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*. The delightful work of Auber, the perfection of that type which may be described as the representative type at the Opéra Comique, seems destined to mishap on our Italian stage. Either the Italian conductors undervalue it, or, which is more likely, are unable to catch its spirit; for it must be owned that *Le Domino Noir* fared no better under Sir Michael Costa, two years ago, than it has fared this season under Signor Vianesi, who is very far from being a Costa. Nor is Madlle. Pauline Lucca more at home in Angèle than was Madame Lemmens Sherrington, her predecessor. True, Madlle. Lucca imparts more vigorous life to the character; but her singing is as inferior as her acting is superior to that of Madame Lemmens—neither one nor the other, as actress or as singer, be it understood, approaching the desired ideal. The less further said about *Le Domino Noir* the better. A more generally unsatisfactory performance of an opera which for its due effect requires the utmost care and finish of detail it would not be easy to recall. *I Puritani* was revived for the sake, we presume, of exhibiting Madame Adelina Patti in a part which she had not previously essayed in London. Madame Patti did all that could be done under the circumstances, singing the music of Elvira (especially the polacca, "Son' vergin' vezzosa") as it had not been sung since Angiolina Bosio's time, and investing the character with more than ordinary dramatic significance. But even Madame Patti's genius is unequal to the feat of galvanizing a corpse; and Bellini's opera at the present time is little else. For a long period *I Puritani* survived on the strength of its melodies; but beautiful after their fashion as these undoubtedly are, they have, in the natural course of things, become almost exclusively the property of street organs; though it may be taken for granted that some of them (for instance, "A te o cara" and "Qui la voce") will exist long after the opera to which they belong is forgotten. Moreover, *I Puritani* without an Arturo is virtually impossible; and Signor Vizzani, the Arturo with whom Madame Patti had to co-operate, was even below the average of Arturos of recent years. So that, as, in addition, the two basses (Giorgio and Riccardo) were not remarkable, the interest appertaining to this revival centred mainly in Elvira. In Meyerbeer's gorgeous musico-melodramatic spectacle, *L'Etoile du Nord*, Madame Patti, whose admirable impersonation of Caterina need not again be praised, was scarcely more fortunate. Her chief associate—this time not a tenor, but a bass, or rather bass-barytone—was Signor Cotogni, to whom was assigned the weighty character of Peter. The music of this half savage, half heroic personage lies throughout too low for Signor Cotogni's voice; and all the modifications he introduces serve to make his case no better. *L'Etoile du Nord* had been shelved four years, for want of an adequate representative of the Imperial drunkard—Signor Attri, the Peter of 1866, being no better fitted for the part than Signor Cotogni. As presented now, almost the entire responsibility devolves upon Madame Patti, whose performance, musically and historically, may defy criticism. How enchanted Meyerbeer himself would have been with this perfect embodiment of one of his pet creations those who knew him best can certify. M. Naudin is a fair Danilowitz, though not comparable with Signor Gardoni, the original at the Royal Italian Opera. The other dramatic personae are inadequately sustained; and Corporal Gritzenko, with his obstreperous and interminable clatter, is a more formidable bore than ever. Gritzenko was a bore even with the late Lablache, for the sake of whose name and co-operation Meyerbeer, in an evil hour, consented to swell out that insignificant personage into undue proportions, thus destroying the natural balance of his work; and if a bore with Lablache, how much more a bore with Signor Ciampi may be readily imagined. To atone for all shortcomings, we have the *mise en scène* of Mr. Harris. Most amateurs, however, we are disposed to think, would cheerfully dispense with half the scenery, machinery, costumes, &c., for a little extra precision and refinement in the delivery of the music, vocal and instrumental. *Norma* was performed once, with Madlle. Tietjens as the heroine, the occasion being for her "benefit." The last week was a week of "benefits." Madame Patti selected *Faust* for her's, and gave a portraiture of Gretchen which we must still persist in thinking stands alone; Madlle. Lucca, with considerable hardihood, fixed upon the Zerlina of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*—a part which by no means comes to her so naturally as the Zerlina of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*; and Madlle. Mathilde Sessi, Mr. Gye's new and versatile soprano, chose Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, her performance neither adding to nor detracting from her reputation. The second representation of *L'Etoile du Nord* terminated a season

more remarkable for activity than for enterprise. One only novelty was produced—the *Esmeralda* of Signor Campana, which is not likely to be heard of again, and which, by this time, in all probability, has gone to join in oblivion the same composer's *Almina*, its senior by ten years, and in every respect its worthy companion.

The production of Weber's *Abu Hassan* in an Italian dress, conjointly with *L'Oca del Cairo*, a comic opera begun by Mozart with great enthusiasm in 1783, the year after *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, but, when scarcely half completed, abandoned for *Le Nozze di Figaro*, would alone have conferred a mark of distinction upon the Drury Lane season just expired. It is refreshing now and then to get away from the well-worn groove which has confined us for so many years to certain works of Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Flotow, &c., comparatively excluding even Mozart and Rossini, and positively excluding other composers, Italian, German, French and English, who have written much that is worth hearing, but who rarely, if ever, get a chance of being heard. That the musical public were indebted for these interesting operas of Weber and Mozart to the same presiding intelligence which at Her Majesty's Theatre was the cause of several neglected masterpieces of Gluck, Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, Otto Nicolai, &c., being revived, is, we believe, a fact. Mr. Jarrett has done for Mr. Wood at Drury Lane, what he did for Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre. He would be just the "acting manager," if permitted to follow the dictates of his own conscience, to give us an operatic season without one single performance of *Lucia*, *Lucrezia*, *Linda*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Martha*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, and the like. What a refreshing season that would be for musicians and connoisseurs! But "Fashion" stands in the way; and "Fashion" would have nothing to do either with *Abu Hassan* or the *Oca del Cairo*. Nevertheless, both were most effectively presented. The *Abu Hassan* of Weber, a comic opera in one act, built, as every one knows who cares to know, upon the tale of "The Sleeper Awakened" in the *Thousand and One Nights*, is as pure Weber as *Der Freischütz* itself, though produced in 1811, some ten years earlier than *Der Freischütz*. The *Oca del Cairo*, while in some sort a concoction—pieces from *Zaide*, the *Sposo Deluso* and other works being introduced to fill up the gaps left by the composer, those numbers which he left barely sketched being instrumented for the orchestra by a modern hand, and a new libretto founded upon the original one of Abbé Varesco of Salzburg*, with whom, as his correspondence shows, Mozart was dissatisfied—consists, nevertheless, of music produced when the genius of the author of *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* was in its prime. The whole, moreover, is so skilfully arranged that few unacquainted with the historical facts would guess that the opera had not come from Mozart's own portfolio just as it is now heard at Drury Lane. M. Wilder, who prepared the new libretto for the French theatre at which the *Oca del Cairo* was first produced, deserves great credit; and still greater credit is due to Signor Bottesini, who has set the dialogue to musical recitative for the Italian version. Both operas, as we have hinted, received every justice at the hands of the chief performers at Drury Lane. Mesdames Trebelli-Bettini and Monbelli, as *Abu Hassan* and *Fatima*, especially distinguished themselves in the opera of Weber—for which, by the way, Signor Arditi had composed recitatives with an ability not less noticeable than that displayed by Signor Bottesini in the *Oca del Cairo*. In Mozart's work the principal singers were Madame Sinico, Madlle. Lewitzky (of whom we have already spoken), Mr. Charles Lyall, Signors Gassier and Gardoni. We need not go into details; but we must add, with regret, that the united attractions of these scarcely known works of Weber and Mozart amounted to little. *Abu Hassan* and *L'Oca del Cairo*, in fact, did not "draw," and were consequently played but twice or thrice at the most.

To say truly, our great operatic public, which arrogates to itself the prerogative of *arbitrè elegantiarum* in matters connected with musical art, cares little or nothing for music in the abstract. It cares for executive "combinations"—as, for example, in the *Plauto Magico*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Figaro*, when a number of recognised artists of the first class can be heard together on the same night; and it cares still more for the popular *prima donna* of the hour. That the popular *prima donna* just now, and likely to be so for some time hence, is Madlle. Christine Nilsson, can hardly be denied; and the mere announcement in the bills that Madlle. Nilsson would appear on such or such a night in such or such an opera, sufficed to keep numbers away from the theatre, in anticipation of that glad event. Her first part was the well-worn *Lucia*, in which though evidently (not affectedly, as was afterwards clearly shown) indisposed, she brought back the old impressions, and again with her incomparably beautiful voice, reminded her hearers of the *ars celare artem* which lends to her singing a charm so strong, so fresh, and so abiding. Shortly afterwards, however, she achieved a still greater success in *Robert le Diable*. Her impersonation of Alice was by many amateurs unhesitatingly compared with that of another celebrated Swedish songstress, who when, in 1847, Mr. Lumley revived the earliest French opera of Meyerbeer at Her Majesty's Theatre, made her *début* among us in the same character. We do not care to institute comparisons, but are willing to own that there is much in common, both as to conception of character and execution of the music, between the Alice of Madlle.

* Who also wrote the libretto for *Idomeneo*.

Nilsson and the Alice of Jenny Lind. Nevertheless, if our advice be worth anything, we urgently counsel Madlle. Nilsson to play such parts very seldom, and indeed, as a rule, to avoid Meyerbeer as much as practicable. Her voice is not fitted to stand the necessary strain and consequent fatigue attendant on such exacting music. After two or three performances in *Robert le Diable* and one in *Faust* (with M. Faure) Madlle. Nilsson fell ill; and her illness endured so long as almost to ruin the theatre. Nothing else would attract—not *Le Nozze di Figaro* and the "combination;" not Madame Volpini, with her well-feigned *espièglerie*; not M. Faure, with all his popularity; not even what was perhaps the most admirable performance of *Dinorah* ever witnessed in this country, when Madlle. Ilma di Muraka, the most genial, shadowy, and best of all Dinorahs, Mr. Santley, the best Hoel, Signor Gardoni, the best Corentin, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini as the goatherd, combined their talents in honour of Meyerbeer. Nothing would attract; and thus we had another exemplification of the questionable tendency of the "star" system. Fine music and a fine ensemble pass for nought; but let once the popular lady of the hour show herself, and all is immediately *coulour de rose*, all goes well and smoothly, every one is pleased, and art may take its chance. On her recovery Madlle. Nilsson appeared as the Countess in *Le Nozze* and as Elvira in *Don Giovanni*—both revealing her as an adept in the classic school of Mozart. Elvira she had played already; but the Countess was a new part, and a new success. It would be difficult to sing "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono" better. Rossini's *Otello* came next, and afforded Madlle. Nilsson yet another opportunity of distinction in a part she had never previously assumed. No character in the established repertory can be imagined more happily suited to her than the gentle, suffering Desdemona; and few who witnessed her graceful delineation, or listened to her touching accents in the "Willow" song, with which Desdemona vainly tries to alleviate her sorrows, could have left the theatre unmoved by an exhibition of art at once so genuine and effortless. With the florid music of Rossini's earlier period,* of which *Otello* contains many striking examples, Madlle. Nilsson showed herself thoroughly conversant. But we must not linger on details. It will answer all purposes to add that the Desdemona of the accomplished Swede more than came up to general expectation—great as that expectation had been. The opera was in almost every instance well represented. If Signor Mongini's vocal proficiency and dramatic intelligence were equal to his physical gifts, he would be the precise Othello Rossini must have had in his mind. Donzelli himself could not boast a more magnificent voice. The Iago of M. Faure has only been surpassed by the Iago of Ronconi; Signor Gardoni is an excellent Roderigo, Signor Foli an imposing Elmiro, and Madlle. Cari an Emilia alike prepossessing and unobtrusive. It was, moreover, a treat to listen once again to melodies which time cannot make stale, and to concerted pieces as ingenious in design as they are masterly in treatment. Either of the finales in *Otello* would be the fortune of a modern opera.

Upon *Mignon*, which followed *Otello*, and, thanks chiefly to Madlle. Nilsson's impersonation of the heroine, became the attractive feature of the season, we need not dilate. Our musical readers are acquainted with all that they need care to know about it. How MM. Barbier and Carré have accommodated Goethe and his famous romance to their purpose has been described at such length by our contemporaries, daily and weekly, that we refrain from approaching the, after all, not over-fertile topic. Besides, it little matters. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and other works of genius, have been handled in the same fashion, and with a similar object in view. On the whole, too, what MM. Barbier and Carré have done (the custom being winked at, be it understood) they have done so cleverly that we have no wish to arraign them for high treason against the majesty of Goethe. M. Thomas was, we think, more successful in finding pleasing and appropriate music for *Mignon* than afterwards, when undertaking the same duty for *Hamlet*. The subject lies easier within his grasp, inasmuch as while Ophelia seems to move among beings more or less supernatural, *Mignon* is surrounded with types of ordinary humanity. M. Thomas has given to each of these a distinguishing character. Filine, the coquette, Lothario, the old harper, and above all, *Mignon*, stand out in well-defined individual prominence. The music, if never strikingly original, is full of stir and bustle, and the passages in which *Mignon* is directly concerned are sentimental without any approach to that maudlin expression which, especially with French composers, so often passes for sentiment. The general performance of the opera of M. Ambroise Thomas, as well as the manner in which it was put upon the stage, reflected credit on the theatre. Nothing could be more impressive than the Lothario of M. Faure, nothing more brilliant than the Filine of Madame Volpini. Of Wilhelm Meister himself (as those acquainted with the German romance might have guessed in advance) neither the authors of the book nor the composer of the music could make anything; it was therefore not surprising that Signor Bettini, a very useful and painstaking tenor, should equally fail to endow that personage with interest.

Not less unamenable to dramatists and composer was Frederick, Wilhelm's rival in the graces of Filine; and though M. Thomas added a song, expressly to reconcile Madame Trebelli-Bettini, that practised singer could succeed in making little out of the music and less out of the character. But in her

impersonation of *Mignon* Madlle. Nilsson achieved one of those successes, which, in French idiom, "*font époque*." Reports from abroad had been circulated about this unique performance; but the reality surpassed anticipation. Each phase in the life of the dreaming maiden is poetically realized;—the drudgery under Giarno, her cruel master, before *Mignon* is conscious that she has a heart; the growing love for Wilhelm, her deliverer; the jealousy of and subsequent hatred for Filine, her dazzling and unscrupulous opponent; the despair turned into unbounded rapture, when she finds that at last her love is reciprocated by Wilhelm—each and all were depicted to admiration. The liberty taken by the French dramatists in causing *Mignon* to live for happiness, instead of dying suddenly of a broken heart, is forgotten, or at least forgiven, under the attractive spell of Madlle. Nilsson's delineation. Her singing equals her acting; and so charmingly does she recount to us through the music of M. Thomas the characteristic features of her lost home, that we would give something to hear her tell the same story in the healthy and vigorous music of Beethoven—himself of opinion (and who could judge better?) that his own setting of "Kennst du das Land?" was perfection. That *Mignon* obtained an unqualified success is notorious. But for the unavoidable departure of Madame Volpini, and the difficulty of finding at a moment's notice a substitute, it might have been repeated, from time to time, up to the end of the season, instead of being given thrice and then abandoned. Why Madame Sinico, who is in every way competent, had not been advised to understudy the part of Filine, is hard to explain. In fact, with Madame Sinico in the theatre, we cannot see how Madame Volpini, who is in no way her superior and does not possess half her versatility, was wanted at all. As a result of this *embarras de richesses*, the opera was laid aside, and works already too familiar had again to be resorted to.

At length, however, Herr Wagner came to the rescue, with his *Fliegende Holländer*, "done into Italian," by Signor Salvatore Marchesi, under the name of *L'Olandese Dannato*. We have several times been threatened with *Tannhäuser*, and more than once with *Lohengrin*, in the prospectuses of Her Majesty's Theatre. *Tannhäuser*, we understand, was even put into rehearsal, and the chorus of the indefatigable Signor Santi had almost mastered its part of the score. But, for reasons unexplained, season after season went by, and no opera exemplifying the "Art-work of the Future" appeared to enlighten while charming us. This time we are in luck. Whoever hit upon the idea of bringing out the first, and therefore the simplest composition in which is revealed the system by which all operatic-art work must henceforth be regulated deserves the thanks of the community. *Rienzi*, its immediate predecessor, would not have served the purpose half as well. In *Rienzi* we find nothing of the real Wagner, but, on the other hand, a great deal of weak Meyerbeer. The *Fliegende Holländer*, however, is the production of a wholly independent mind—we mean as regards form, because in so far as simple melodic invention is concerned, we are scarcely able to point out an original idea from the beginning of the opera to the end. Nevertheless, the entire thing is more or less interesting; and the music, in many respects, bears so close a resemblance to the music of ordinary mortals, that we can follow it without pain, and hear much of it with satisfaction. But it should be borne in mind that, although the *Holländer* is the first of three operas of which, in 1852, Herr Wagner published the librettos (*Drei Operndichtungen*), as models, with an explanatory communication "to his friends," it came into the world, somewhat spontaneously, before the infallible formula had been issued, which, condemning all past attempts, asserts that "the error in opera, as a species of Art, has consisted in the fact, that a means of expression (Music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (Drama) has been made the means, so that the actual lyric Drama has been forced to rest upon the basis of absolute music"; thus at once disposing of Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven, Rossini, and (excepting Rameau and Gluck, by the way) the rest of them. The *Holländer* also came long before that other tremendous oracle, abolishing the "patriarchal system of modulation," and proclaiming aloud that—"all keys being equal and essentially related, the privileges of tonal-families are abolished"! It was happy enough to be conceived in more bucolic times, when Herr Wagner was not a self-constituted demigod, and before *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, *Kunst und Revolution*, *Oper und Drama*, and other remarkable treatises had seen the light, before their author enjoyed the patronage of Liszt, and before Herr Brendel, the Leipzig publisher, had declared, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, that in Wagner's operas, and in them only, was the truth.

The *Olandese Dannato* was brought out too late in the season to enable us to judge what might have been its success under more favourable circumstances. We are inclined to think that it would have been real, and not unlikely, to be permanent. The well-known legend of the Flying Dutchman is set forth by Herr Wagner in his libretto with wonderful terseness and simplicity. Each of the characters is sharply defined, the most interesting being of course the fate-struck sea captain, and Senta, the pensive and enthusiastic maiden, who, at once deeply interested in the story of his life and enamoured of his portrait, cherishes an inward hope that the task of rescuing him from perdition may one day be her own. Daland the skipper, Senta's father, the unconscious instrument of fulfilling his daughter's aspirations, makes a pleasant contrast to this somewhat gloomy pair; while Erik, the hunter, Senta's human suitor, effectively completes the

* *Otello* was composed in 1816, just after the *Barbiere* and just before the *Cenerentola*. Rossini was then in his 25th year.

quartet of principals—choruses of Norwegian sailors and Norwegian peasant-girls forming an effective and enlivening background. Of the music we have not space to say more than that it is characteristic, dramatic, highly coloured, and occasionally beautiful. The orchestration, proceeding from a composer who contends that music should only play a subordinate part in the lyric drama, appears to us overwrought and extravagant; but those acquainted with the subsequent operas of Herr Wagner will bear us out that, in spite of the storm which, from the overture to the end, is almost incessantly raging, the share assigned to the orchestra in the *Fliegende Holländer* is comparatively modest. In one respect the system of Herr Wagner is as clearly exemplified in this work as in any of its successors; a certain number of characteristic phrases, each appertaining to a particular character, a particular emotion, a particular incident, or a particular reminiscence, constituting the material out of which the entire fabric is constructed. One or more of these phrases, or passages, is invariably present, heard in this or that shape, and conferring a kind of homogeneity by no means either illogical or unacceptable.

The performance at Drury Lane Theatre was for the most part so good as to deserve not only applause but crowded audiences. Of applause there was enough, and to spare; but at both representations the house was scantily attended. What had become of the "faithful" it was impossible to say. Every absent Wagnerite lost an opportunity of fortifying his belief that, for some time at least, may not again occur. The overture to the *Holländer*, a boisterous prelude, in which all the individualising phrases we have referred to as helping to make up the musical structure, are jumbled together pell-mell, was grandly executed; and, indeed, the perfection generally of the orchestral accompaniments bore witness to the pains Signor Arditi must have taken in rehearsing a work the major part of which to a well-ordered Italian mind could hardly represent anything better than cacophony. The chorus, too, was efficient, if not quite as well up to the mark as the orchestra. The chief characters were mostly in competent hands, the exception being that of Erik, in which Signor Perotti exhibited more zeal than discretion. Signor Poli was excellent as Daland, and Signor Rinaldini excellent as the Helmsman. But Senta and the Dutchman were of course the prominent features. Mr. Santley, who, all through the season, in opera after opera, has been rendering valuable service, was at the eleventh hour rewarded by the opportunity afforded of creating for himself a new part—an opportunity of which he took signal advantage. Madlle. Ilma di Murska, his associate, has never produced a more marked, or a more legitimate effect than in the character of Senta—"das Weib der Zukunft," as Herr Wagner himself calls her, in the *Mittheilung an seine Freunde*, the preface to the book already cited. These two were absolutely irreproachable, and their united efforts contributed more than anything else to the triumph of *L'Olandese Dannato*. We cannot enter into details; but let us express a hope that next season should there again be two Italian houses, which, as Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have dissolved partnership, is not unlikely, a fairer chance may be vouchsafed to the musical public of appreciating this, the best of Herr Wagner's contributions to the lyric stage—an opera which, compared with *Tristan* and its successors, is as harmony to chaos.

A miscellaneous entertainment, for the benefit of Madlle. Nilsson, brought the Drury Lane performances to an end. Much has been done since the 16th of April, when the theatre opened; but the production of *Mignon* and *L'Olandese Dannato* alone suffice to stamp the first season of the new management as exceptional. That the opera of M. Thomas should have drawn money, while Herr Wagner's opera did nothing of the kind, involves a question which may be discussed on some future occasion.

RACING IN SUSSEX.

THOUGH on the Cup Day there was some approximation to the traditional glories of Goodwood, yet the deserted lawn, the half-empty stand, and the absence of any groups of country folk on the hill on the other three days of the meeting, were convincing proofs of the diminished estimation in which Goodwood is held by the racing and holiday public. Looking at it from the holiday point of view, Goodwood is no doubt a charming place for a picnic, but it is somewhat difficult of approach, and labours under the additional disadvantage of lying near the system of lines under the control of the London and Brighton Railway Company. Those who are unfortunately dependent on this Company for their usual means of locomotion know by mournful experience with what disregard for order and punctuality its traffic is conducted, even in ordinary times; so that the hopelessness of the breakdown when any extra strain is made on its resources can be more easily imagined than described. From a racing point of view Goodwood has been on the wane for years past, and though, by considerably increasing the amount of added money, it was hoped that a proportionately large number of horses would this year be attracted, we cannot say that the desired success was attained. The principal race of the meeting, the Goodwood Stakes, has fallen to a depth of degradation from which there seems no hope of recovery. The Cup was within an ace of being carried off by a three-year-old whose public form is not within a stone of a first-class horse. Two or three of the crack two-year-olds, it is true, made their appearance, but they so managed to avoid meeting each other

that they might just as well have been allowed to walk over for their several engagements; while not a single three-year-old of first-class public form, with the exception of Gamos, ran during the week. But for the Stewards' and Chesterfield Cups, the opportunities afforded of taking a look at King of the Forest and Général, some occasional pieces of splendid riding, and the last of the Goodwood Nurseries, the week would indeed have been tame and uninteresting.

Racing commenced, as last year, with a contest between Vespasian and Sir Joseph Hawley's representative, who was Rosicrucian on this occasion. Had Vespasian been in condition he would have had little difficulty in beating Rosicrucian; but the old hero of last year's Chesterfield Cup had certainly done little or no work, and though he galloped as grandly as ever, want of condition told at the last, and he was unable to finish. The rich Gratwicke Stakes brought only five moderate three-year-olds to the post, nor should we have mentioned it had it not been won by the most splendid jockeyship on the part of Chaloner, who got up in some marvellous manner on the Cantine filly, and snatched the race in the last stride from Roderick Dhu, whose defeat was not credited by one person in a hundred even after the winner's number had gone up. The equally rich Ham Stakes, the first of the great two-year-old races of the meeting, fell as a matter of course to Mr. Chaplin's Caller On filly, who had nothing to beat but Mr. Merry's Sunflower colt, still not half fit for racing, and Pittéri. The Lavant Stakes were just as great a certainty for Général, the best of whose opponents were Balvenie, Steppe, and Pink; but the distance, half a mile, being rather too short for the French horse, the finish was a nearer thing than could have been expected. Running with great gameness, and vigorously ridden by Custance, whose services the French stable have done well to secure, Général won by a neck, with something to spare, short heads separating the three we have named above. For the Stewards' Cup there were twenty-eight runners, including many of the speediest horses of the day. Plaudit, Tibthorpe, Vex, and Typhœus may be named as representing the old horses; Pretender, who went by the way, very short in his gallop, Morna, Heather Bell, Cerdagne, Badsworth, and Fugitive were among the four-year-olds; and Tabernacle, Cymbal, Countryman, and Morphia were among the best known of the three-year-olds. There was the usual delay of three-quarters of an hour at the post, the ill-tempered Countryman, in particular, making himself conspicuous in the false starts. As luck would have it, and contrary to his deserts, when the flag fell he got off better than anything, while Tabernacle and many others were unfortunate, and lost several lengths' start. Countryman ran as awkwardly and unkindly as ever, and refused to try just when the race seemed to be at his mercy. Typhœus held a leading position all through the race, and after Countryman's collapse was never headed; though Tabernacle, who, besides getting off badly, was shut in at a critical point of the race, came with a great rush at the end, and as nearly as possible overhauled Count Bathyan's horse, the victory being gained by a neck only. Plaudit ran a good horse, and finished two lengths behind the leading pair, head and head with Cymbal. Typhœus carried 8 st. 10 lbs., by no means a lenient weight after all his defeats and severe races, and his victory was a highly creditable performance, though all was out of him at the finish. Tabernacle, who, with any luck at the start or during the race, must have won, had only appeared in public once previously. At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting last year he won a maiden plate for two-year-olds with great ease, Semolina being the best of those behind him. He had evidently received a most careful preparation for the Stewards' Cup, but, as we shall see presently, his defeat in that was not the only piece of ill-luck that befell him during the week. The Annesley Stakes was not likely to produce a large field, seeing that the course was no less than three miles and a-half in length; and two out of the three who came to the post might as well have absented themselves. Ryshworth and Acaster are both patched-up horses, and could have no chance against a sound, perfectly fit mare like Toison d'Or, one of the old-fashioned staying sort. Instead of trotting and walking half the distance, as is often the case in these long races, she went off at a good fair gallop, and had her two opponents settled long before the third mile was commenced. She passed the post so fresh and full of running that Fordham indulged her with a canter half way up the hill before he pulled her up.

Day by day the number of candidates for the Goodwood Stakes became smaller and smaller, and, one after another, the favourites of the public and the selections of the prophets were reported scratched or amiss. Even Toby, who arrived at Goodwood fresh and well after his victory at Huntingdon, and was paraded on the course up to the day before the race, was struck out about two hours before the saddling-bell rang, having been suddenly afflicted with a fit of lameness. At the same time The Laird also was scratched, and the running of Sweet Sound was a matter of uncertainty up to the last moment. When at last the numbers were hoisted, it was seen that the field consisted of eleven names, and, take them altogether, a more moderate lot never contested a great handicap. John Davis, who we fancy will never show on a racecourse again, was the solitary representative of the superior class of horses; but not only has his day gone by, but also his soundness was very doubtful, and, as a matter of fact, he broke down when holding a very forward position in the race. Sweet Sound's performances have been nothing to speak of, and Paganini, though he has given

proofs of staying ability, has only won in very moderate company. On public form perhaps Miss Sheppard appeared the best of the eleven, as with only 6 lbs. less on her back she beat the redoubtable Sabinus for the Newmarket Handicap. Capitaliste's Continental performances entitled him to high consideration; but then the air of the Southdowns did not seem to agree with him. The remainder may be nameless, with the exception of Indian Ocean, a most unlucky horse, but a good galloper, who may perhaps show to better advantage with a man on his back. In the race he got the better of his rider, and made the whole of the running, closely attended by John Davis, till the latter broke down. Fordham rode a waiting race with Paganini, and did not attempt to bring him to the front till Indian Ocean had fairly pumped himself out, when he let out the son of the comparatively unknown King of Kent, who won ultimately in a canter by a length. Miss Sheppard ran a fairly good race and finished a good third, and the rest were widely scattered. The Findon Stakes were an easier prey to King of the Forest than the Lavant were to Général, for the best of the six opponents of Mr. Merry's horse was Ripponden, and he could not extend the crack. Thus the two principal two-year-old races of the meeting passed without any fresh light being thrown on the comparative merits of the two leading performers of the year. The day's racing finished with an amusing contest between Sunlight and The Orphan. The former played every trick he knew—and his repertory of tricks is very extensive—at the post; and when they got off the rider of The Orphan seemed to exert all his ingenuity to bring out his opponent's bad temper. He went off very slowly, and from a canter came down to a very slow trot, apparently in the hope that Sunlight would whip round and try to go the other way. If he had absolutely pulled up he might have been successful; but his attempt to slip Sunlight at the turn into the straight and race away from him was wholly unsuccessful; for Mr. Merry's horse caught The Orphan without an effort, and when once in his splendid stride raced past her with the greatest ease and won by any number of lengths.

On the Thursday, after Boulogne had distanced such poor opponents as Standard Bearer and Ryshworth over the long Queen's Plate course, Sunlight gave another specimen of his galloping powers, although Cornet, Pibroch, and the Columbine filly were not a very formidable trio to beat. Still he had the worst of the weights with all of them, in addition to his own villainous temper, which tells more against him than an extra stone on his back. Yet so terrific is his speed that with all these disadvantages he caught up his horses at the foot of the hill, passed them in a moment, and cantered in ten lengths ahead. We do not want to say much in favour of so untrustworthy an animal as Sunlight, but his galloping is a sight to see, and we never saw him gallop so well as in the Goodwood week. Lady of Lyons and Gamos ran a close race home for the Bentinck Memorial Stakes, but Mr. Merry's smart and much improved filly always had slightly the best of the Oaks winner, and defeated her cleverly by a neck. Then came the Cup, which to all appearances seemed a match between Sabinus and Siderolite, for Morna was only started to make the running, and no one dreamed of the success of Pâté, Champion, or Chawbacon. On paper Sabinus was clearly better than Siderolite, for he beat Trocadero easily in the Ascot Cup, and the following day Trocadero disposed of Siderolite just as easily. Opinions were divided about his appearance, but no objection could be taken to his style of galloping. Morna made the running for a mile and a quarter at a good pace, after which she dropped back, and Siderolite came on, closely waited on by Sabinus. Half a mile from home Sabinus was hopelessly beaten, and it seemed that Siderolite must walk in, when, to the astonishment of every one, the despised Champion was seen to be sticking close to the best four-year-old in England. A long and punishing struggle commenced, and opposite the Stand Champion had a little the best of it, but Wells kept one final effort in his horse, and at the very last moment just pushed him past the winning-post. A more masterly piece of riding was never seen, for both horses and jockeys were exhausted with the severe exertion, and the last ounce was got out of both animals. But it does not say much for Siderolite that he should so nearly be beaten by a very moderate three-year-old like Champion, while the running of Sabinus is simply incomprehensible. Général won the Molecomb Stakes very easily from Letitia, and though Pink pressed King of the Forest rather close in the two-year-old Bentinck Memorial, he won with sufficient in hand to satisfy his admirers. Taking the line through Pink, Général and King of the Forest ought at present to be a good match for each other, though which will improve the most time will show. In the Chichester Stakes we had a good many of the Stewards' Cup horses over again, and old Tibthorpe getting off with a good lead carried his top weight to victory, Cocoa Nut, the representative of Tabernacle's stable, occupying again the unenviable position of second. Of the last day's racing we need only say that a bad start spoiled the Chesterfield Cup, and enabled a rank outsider, Soucar, to beat the unlucky Tabernacle by a head, Border Knight being only a neck from the second, and Rosicrucian fourth. Vespasian ran carrying less weight than last year, but from want of condition he was not formidable, and had to give way in the race to his stable companion Border Knight. The last of the Goodwood Nurseries fell to Anton, who had shown good form during the week, and who can both go fast and stay. He is a son of Atherstone, and carried the heavy weight of 8 st. 10 lbs., almost the highest in the handicap.

Brighton followed close upon Goodwood, and the liberality of the management should have attracted larger fields. But the rain fell too late to make the course good going, it being naturally much harder than either Goodwood or Lewes. The principal race of the first day was for the Champagne Stakes, for which a very superior quartet started. The antagonism of Sabinus, Rosicrucian, Heather Bell, and King o' Scots could not fail to be interesting. It proved disastrous, however, to King o' Scots, who broke down badly and was forthwith struck out of all his engagements, including the St. Leger; and it was surely injudicious to risk his legs on such hard ground when he had a fair chance of so much more valuable a prize later in the season. Sabinus did not run a bit better than at Goodwood, and we suppose he has done enough for one season; at any rate he is entitled to a rest. A fine finish between Rosicrucian and Heather Bell resulted in the victory of the latter by a head. The Brighton Stakes fell to Border Knight, as might have been supposed after his forward running in the Chesterfield Cup, for the best of his opponents was Walter, and he is so utterly out of form that he finished absolutely last. The Corporation Stakes ended in a walk over, despite the thirty-two subscribers, Mr. Chaplin's Caller Ou filly frightening all the others away.

The Brighton Cup on Wednesday was a failure, although it is invariably one of the most artistic prizes of the year. Border Knight and Kennington were the only two real runners, though two unknown animals accompanied them to the post to make up the stipulated number of four, for the Cup is not given unless four horses run for it. The race was run at a slow pace, which exactly suited Border Knight, who came with a great rush at the end and defeated Kennington by a head. We must not omit to mention that the sea-air suits old Reindeer wonderfully well, and that he keeps on winning races by any number of lengths. Really, although he is thirteen years old, the handicappers will soon have to look after him again, for his present imposts are nothing to him.

REVIEWS.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN GERMANY.*

THE first feeling which we have, on looking into a series of letters on "Religious Thought" in a country like Germany, is one of blank and entire scepticism. The feeling, of course, may be overcome by the nature of the book. It may show such conscientious care, and such a large and watchful appreciation of evidence and probability in its statements of facts, that, as far as its facts go, we may feel ourselves pretty safe, and able to rely on it for definite assertions as to matters within the range of experience. Nay, it may carry us along some way with its conclusions and generalizations. If we see that the writer, with a power of drawing inferences and throwing things into broad and methodical arrangement, yet is aware of the risks which accompany the use of this power; if we see that he is jealous over his own deductions, that he recognises checks, and is able to give due place and weight to exceptions and limitations, that he distinguishes his proved points from his conjectures and suppositions, that he is on his guard against the temptation of sweeping and effective periods, and that his habit is understatement; in a word, if we see that he knows where he is, and is aware of the extreme difficulties which attend the handling of a huge congeries of varied and complicated phenomena, we attend with interest, and possibly with conviction, to his account of them. But where we are obviously expected to see with the eyes of the writer, and to accept the unverified results of his reasoning faculties, we may read for amusement, and we may also perhaps gather some profitable questions to be followed out and solved, if we can, in other ways; but we cannot be expected to be really much the wiser for our reading.

The volume of letters which the *Times'* Correspondent at Berlin has given us in a collected shape has grown, we are inclined to think, very much out of a sensational incident which took place last summer at Berlin, and which became the peg to hang reflections upon, very peremptory and very startling, as to the state of belief and religion in Germany. A wretched fool, who fancied himself a fatalist, and had hardly the excuse of many murderers, and certainly not of most fanatics, sought to assert the majesty of truth by trying to shoot a clergyman in the Cathedral, as he was reciting the Creed. As the shot missed, though it was a charmed bullet made out of a tin medal of Schiller, no harm was done, and the incident became merely a passing illustration of the uncomfortable truth, more alarming, happily, in theory than in practice, that our lives are more at the mercy than it is pleasant to think, not only of scoundrels, but of blockheads and idiots. But it illustrated the general subject of the state of religious thought in Germany, as much as the Denham or Chelsea murder illustrates the state of morals in England. It was, however, a capital text for a letter; the letter which "improved" it, and argued from it, was clever, fearless, and sufficiently frightening in its picture, and it was read with painful interest by many people who rather like something big and complete to shudder at and feel dismal about, and who believe that the truth about religion and "thought" of any kind in Germany can be adequately compressed into a communication from "Our own Correspondent." It attracted atten-

* *Letters on the State of Religion in Germany.* Reprinted, by permission from the "Times." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1870.

tion to the series; and perhaps the writer of the letters had reason to think that there were persons who wished to have them preserved in a volume.

The letters are unequal, but the best of them are clever and not too heavy. They begin with the subject of German Protestantism and Rationalism, and end with the history of the effect on Germany of the proceedings of the Vatican Council. The worst of it is, as we have said, that of the facts referred to we often want more exact statement, and a stronger conviction that they are proved; and of the broad generalizations we feel ourselves in a position in which we can believe nothing, either good or bad. We do not disbelieve; but how are we to believe? When we get beyond such things as the shooting at Dr. Heinrici, or the row about the Moabite convent, or the speeches of ostentatiously infidel and vulgar burgomasters at Humboldt centenaries, we are among assertions and reasonings which we have no means of testing, and to which we can simply listen, wondering if they are true, but certainly, if we are wise, refraining from the assumption that they are. They are odd, some of them, if they are true. The writer draws a curious picture of Herr von Mühler, the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs and Public Instruction. The only imaginable parallel we can think of here would be if Mr. Whalley were to become Vice-President of the Council. The Prussian Minister is a man, according to the *Times* Correspondent, who, at the head of the education of the most intellectual people in learned and inquiring Germany, makes it his business to compel the elementary and normal schools to teach as little as possible for fear of teaching something unorthodox, and in all ways directs a policy which attempts as systematically as the Jesuits to oppose a bar to the progress of free thought. The Jesuits and their imitators have produced some strange things in the way of school books, hymns, and devotions. But it may be doubted if they, or, among ourselves, the vulgar sect of Nonconformists, ever produced anything to equal the following penitential effusion, which we are told occurs "in a church hymn-book recently forced by the same Minister [meaning here, not the parson of the parish, but the Mr. Forster of Prussia] upon certain Protestant congregations in the old provinces of Prussia." The hymn commences thus:—

Almighty God, I am content to remain the dog I am. I am a dog, a despicable dog. I am conscious of revelling in sin, and there is no infamy in which I do not indulge. My anger and my quarrelling are like a dog's. My envy and hatred are like a dog's. My abuse and snappishness are like a dog's. My robbing and devouring are like a dog's. Nay, when I come to reflect on it, I cannot but own that in very many things I behave worse than the dogs themselves.

The fragment is undoubtedly worth preserving. Swift might have imagined it. And we are told that this specimen of the contents of the hymn-book forced on certain of the old Prussian congregations is by no means the worst that might be cited. "There are some, in fact, too gross to be reprinted." It is very curious—so curious, that we should have liked to know a little more about it. We could quite well have borne some more detail, and the incident was worth following up. In the first place, it would have been well to have had chapter and verse—the book, title, and date. When the volume of letters came to be made up, it would not have been amiss to have given the original German text of this remarkable hymn, its context and authorship, and the origin of the collection in which it occurs. Then as to its use. It has been "forced," we are told, "on certain congregations in the old provinces of Prussia." The way they received it must have been worth inquiring about. "It was only when some of the congregations so treated by the Minister threatened to give up church-going altogether, that the book was withdrawn in their case." But it held its ground with others. "Others, more indifferent to what they were made to sing, continue to assert their canine propensities in the sacred edifice." We, in the place of the *Times* Correspondent, should have made it our business at once to go off and verify with our own eyes and ears the condition and the singing of these singular "old Prussians," patiently and solemnly chanting, probably more musically than in our Ranters' chapels, the confession of their dog-like natures. And when we returned to Berlin, we should have tried to make out—and of course the *Times* Correspondent can get at high authorities—what it was that made Herr von Mühler select this particular hymn-book, and "force" it on these particular congregations in Old Prussia.

The main point of the book, as far as regards the non-Catholic part of Germany, is to assert the increasing spread and power of anti-Christian opinions in all classes of Germans. "The majority of educated men in Germany are estranged from the dogmatic teaching of the Christian creed—estranged from it to the extent of disbelieving the sincerity of many of the clergy. Only a small fraction of the nation attends Divine service; of the educated, more especially, those met with at church on Sunday are few and far between." The writer's "characteristic instance"—the scanty attendance at church, on a particular Sunday, of the visitors at a fashionable watering-place, does not seem to prove much; a watering-place is nowhere, and least of all in Germany, the place to gauge either morality or religion. But the point is strongly insisted on. "To take a broader view, who that knows modern Germany will call it a Christian land, either in the sense Rome gives to the term, or in the meaning Luther attached to it?" We agree with M. de Bunsen, who took exception to these generalities, that considering the history and development of Protestantism, and even of what is called orthodox Protestantism, the division is insuffi-

ciently narrow in parting all claims to Christian belief between Rome and Luther. But the writer means undoubtedly that Christian belief, in any intelligible sense whatever, is gone. "In whatever section of society you may happen to move, there is the undeniable fact that the dogmatism [of St. Athanasius and the statutes of the Council of Nice have entirely ceased to be a living power." We suppose by these rather inappropriate phrases—the "statutes" of Nice being, if anything, the canons of the Council, which are hardly to the point—the writer merely means the doctrines of the Nicene creed. He advances, however, beyond this:—

Though Christianity is denied, no pains are taken to prove the why or wherefore. Latitudinarian sects are sometimes attempted to be formed, but soon abandoned and consigned to oblivion as idle and superfluous. The truth is that the majority of the educated, in their insidious march towards Rationalism, have advanced beyond acknowledging the necessity of any creed. . . . Slowly, but surely, advancing in its self-assigned course, public opinion, from impugning the truth of Biblical History, had come to deny by degrees the necessity, the probability, and the possibility of miracles. It has now reached the extent of negating the efficacy of prayer, and with it the interference of the Almighty in the course of events.

What occurs to us in reading passages like these of wholesale and sweeping assertion as to the opinions and belief of millions of men is, first, that they are singularly like, in their grand comprehensiveness, to certain vigorous and striking generalizations about our own country and English society, with which we have often been entertained in the remarks of some clever French critic, such as M. About or M. Assolant, or even M. Louis Blanc. They are drawn from actual observation and real instances; but their one-sided and unqualified shape removes them from having any real relation to the world of fact. They represent nothing but the inadequate knowledge, the utter unfamiliarity with his subject, and possibly the incapacity to grasp and comprehend, on the part of the clever imaginative writer. The next thing is, that there are many people among ourselves to whom it would not seem untrue or extravagant to say very nearly the same thing about English religion. We are familiar, both in writings on the side of religion and those professedly hostile to it, with the most deeply-coloured pictures of its decay and failure. And yet no one can go with these partial theories into the different orders and specimens of English life, without finding himself met at every step by contradictions and irreconcilable facts. Draw your line at will, and you can get any results you please; society at large will look to you religious or irreligious, fanatical or rationalist, orthodox or latitudinarian, hypocritical or in earnest, from that portion of it which occupies your foreground, and with which you are familiar; but it will wear a much less simple and more intricate and perplexing appearance if you extend your view, and do not sacrifice what is really before your eyes to the convenience of a generalized statement. What we know to be the case as regards ourselves we cannot help suspecting may be, in some degree at least, the case with regard to a people with so much variety and power of character as the Germans. A man must know a great deal, and be able to use his knowledge well, to be competent to draw pictures worth anything of the real state of religious thought in Germany, and to judge with discrimination of its real and apparent tendencies. The clever writer of the *Times* has no doubt had some strongly marked forms of opinion before him; they have impressed him deeply, and probably he has not overstated their characteristics; but we see no reason to think that he is qualified to lay down, in the broad way in which he does, that these characteristics fairly represent the general state of religious thought in Germany. If they do, it is a fact of the first importance, and one which must affect most deeply the future of Europe and the world. But till we have some stronger assurance of it than the impressions and broad statements of the Correspondent of the *Times* at Berlin, we must take leave to think that there is a good deal more variety in German religious thought than the monotonous and superficial unbelief which he describes, and that the old ideas of Christianity, it may be in new shapes, but in their depth and force, have more hold on large and serious intellects in Germany than he has found out. The idle, the commonplace, the frivolous, the reckless take much the same view of religion in every age.

The letters in the latter part of the volume were written during the progress of the Vatican Council, and record from time to time various results of its proceedings on the Catholics of Germany. They contain some important facts and documents. But they do not add much to what has been told more fully, and with deeper acquaintance with the subject, elsewhere. Still the sketch which they present is perhaps the best part of the book.

GODWIN'S POLITICAL JUSTICE.*

IT is curious to read the political speculations of a generation or two back, for two apparently opposite reasons. On the one hand, they often strike us as so singularly childish that we can scarcely believe them to have been the work of grown men, instead of the essays of clever boys or, at the outside, well crammed undergraduates. They put forward with the most charming naïveté propositions which have long been handed over to debating societies, and support them by illustrations which would be despised as hackneyed by the modern penny-a-liner. On the other

* Enquiry concerning Political Justice and its Influence on Morals and Happiness. By William Godwin. London: 1793.

hand, it is impossible not to observe that much of the substance of the arguments used still remains current, and we may frequently recognise popular fallacies, or it may be established truths of the present day, only slightly disguised by their old-fashioned dress. Of such writers William Godwin of the *Political Justice*, better known at present by his really excellent novel *Caleb Williams*, is a characteristic example. He was a thorough fanatic of the ultra-revolutionary school, so far as his principles were concerned, though not much given to carry them out in private. He presents that contrast which we may not unfrequently observe at the present day, of the most outrageous theories combined with the mildest manners. He propounds doctrines calculated to make the hair of a respectable Briton stand on end, but with very little violence of language or even abuse of his opponents. Kings, he tells us indeed, are "necessarily the enemies of the human race." The office of king "has been the bane and grave of every human virtue"; and he proposes that the title should be remembered as "a perpetual monument of the folly, the cowardice, and the misery of our species." But, in spite of these rather warm expressions, he is no more angry with kings than with rattlesnakes; and he does not for a moment propose that they should be extirpated by violence. He denounces with apparent sincerity the excesses of the French Revolution, though considering anarchy to be a far smaller evil than despotism. He has an indefinite belief in the perfectibility of the human species, and thinks that, when sound doctrines have once been preached, royalty and other abominations will disappear like an evil dream. He has a kind of placid confidence in the demonstrations which he offers that forbids him to lose his temper, even when explaining to his own complete satisfaction the utter absurdity of all existing institutions.

The *Political Justice*, like other treatises of the same kind, professes to start from first principles, and to deduce a complete theory of morality and politics by a quasi-mathematical process from certain self-evident axioms. Rousseau and Helvetius amongst French writers, and Locke and Hume and Hartley in England, are the authorities from whom he has drawn these incontrovertible positions. He begins by proving that all men are equal—not in a merely legal sense, but as a downright matter of fact. There is no difference worth mentioning, that is, between one man and another, except those differences which have been produced by education. The raw material, so to speak, is about the same in every case; its peculiarities depend entirely on the mode in which it is treated. The demonstration of this proposition is short and easy. Godwin of course takes the *à priori* metaphysical method with a sovereign contempt for physiology or history, except so far as the latter may provide him with a few trite classical illustrations. Locke, the great oracle of the century, had proved that there were no such things as innate ideas. This is taken to be the same thing as proving that there are no such things as inherited capacities or tastes. Man is the mere blank piece of paper upon which anything may be inscribed, and, moreover, he is a piece of paper always of the same quality and dimensions. "Man considered in himself is merely a being capable of impression, a recipient of impressions." He is neither weak nor strong, wise nor foolish, except as circumstances posterior to his birth may have made him so. The concrete John Smith is the same thing as the abstract Man of metaphysicians, plus a certain number of arbitrary additions. Hence, for example, it follows that the aristocrat and the peasant are precisely equal at the beginning of their lives. "Intellect is the creature of sensation; we have no other inlet of knowledge. What are the sensations which the lord experiences in his mother's womb by which his mind is made different from that of the peasant?" Race, therefore, can go for nothing; and even climate, as Godwin tries to prove by some very rapid feats of logic, is not really an important circumstance. Hence it follows—we need not dwell upon the steps of the argument—that truth is omnipotent, and that you have only to proclaim a new set of doctrines in order to mould mankind into any shape you please. They are like so many draughts on a chessboard, which have only to be properly arranged by the legislator to bring out any desired results.

These doctrines were chiefly adopted from Helvetius; but Godwin finds fault with his teacher for the further inference, natural enough as it would seem, that government is omnipotent, and by means of education can make anything it pleases of its subjects. Godwin infers, with less apparent consistency, that, although the imperfections of government are "the only permanent sources of the vices of mankind," it can never compensate for the evil it does by producing any "solid benefit." Thus, when he has solved the problem of human nature to his own satisfaction, he is rather perplexed by the question of the proper basis of government. He first rejects the doctrine that government rests upon force, as being obviously immoral, and the doctrine of the divine right of kings, because we have no means of deciding which form of government is of divine origin; he meets the doctrine of the social compact by arguments adopted without alteration from Hume; and he finally comes to the conclusion that the only just foundation of government is what he calls "common deliberation." The meaning of this is not very plain; but it apparently comes to this, that no government ought to exist unless every one of the persons concerned agrees to every one of its actions. Of course certain cases of absolute necessity are excepted, and it would obviously be very puzzling to define what those cases are. The only principle that can be applied would seem to be wide enough to cover any number of exceptions—namely,

that force should never be used unless the evils resulting from not using it are greater than those resulting from its use. Godwin, however, asserts with great emphasis that the main principle is to reduce government to a minimum—a theory in expounding which he comes within hail of a good many philosophical reformers of the present day. The boldest of them, however, would shrink from his practical applications of the principle. We have already seen his opinion of kings and aristocrats. A limited monarchy is no better than its neighbours; "from the honest insolence of despotism we may perhaps promise ourselves better effects than from the hypocritical disclaimers of a limited government." However, a president or an elective king is every whit as bad as an hereditary king, and an aristocracy is no better than either. Are we then to have a thoroughly democratic government? Not so; though the evils in this case are less palpable; for, besides producing empty rhetoric and contention, democratic government necessarily ends in the absurdity of determining truth by counting heads, and very frequently the weakest heads are the most numerous, and not seldom those animated by the most corrupt intentions. We come then to the pleasant conclusion that government is by degrees to be abolished altogether. The final constitution of a reasonable country will consist of two parts—"first, a scheme for the division of the whole into parts equal in their population; and secondly, the fixing of stated periods for the election of a national assembly; not to say that the latter of these articles may very probably be dispensed with." A constitution consisting of a single article for dividing the country into electoral districts, which should never elect, would certainly have a charming simplicity. When, however, an assembly meets, it is to confine itself to "expostulation," and it is satisfactory to be told that "our powers of expostulation are tenfold increased, the moment our hopes are confined to expostulation alone." One happy result of this state of things will be the "gradual extinction of law," and all disputes will be decided according to the circumstances of each particular case. The constituent parishes will be large enough to admit of a jury being summoned; and the juries will after a time "find it sufficient to invite offenders to forsake their errors." If some hardened offender would not listen to "expostulation," he would feel so uneasy under the general disapproval, "though suffering no personal molestation," that he would "remove to a society more congenial to his errors." It is not stated how these last societies would manage their affairs, though we fear they would hardly find expostulation sufficient.

This provision leads to a remark upon Godwin's moral system. He infers from the doctrine of necessity, as stated by Hartley and Jonathan Edwards, that vice, though an object of dislike, should not be an excuse for revenge. A murderer is only worse than a knife inasmuch as he is more generally dangerous; and punishment should be applied like medicine, merely in the hope of improving the criminal. "Guilt and crime, desert and accountability, in the abstract and general sense in which they have sometimes been applied, have no place." "A vicious conduct," again, "is always the result of narrow views"; it is simply owing to erroneous opinions, which may be eradicated by proper teaching. Hence it follows that coercion, even as a temporary expedient, should not be part of a government founded on reasonable views. The jury, as we have seen, is to confine itself to expostulating; and as, unluckily, vicious men will still remain for a time, till the omnipotence of truth has made itself practically felt, the only remedy is that individuals must take up arms against evil-doers, as governments must still occasionally make war upon their neighbours. In both cases, however, force is to be used merely in self-defence. Policemen, we see, are to be abolished, and armies—including even a militia—are to be given up, inasmuch as "a man who is only a soldier must always be uncommonly depraved." But as men will be ready to take up arms against murderers, so citizens must be prepared to rise as one man in case of foreign invasion. As some difficulties will here occur to people accustomed to professional warfare, it is suggested that the citizen army may, "by keeping on the hills or whatever other means," render it "impracticable for the enemy to force them to an engagement"—a system which is certainly very appropriate to the sort of army in question, though we may doubt whether it would enable them "to look with scorn upon his (the enemy's) attempts to enslave the country."

Finally, we must add that Godwin does not shrink from certain moral consequences which have occasionally rather frightened his successors. He proposes to abolish all the social affections, and shows that gratitude is a mistake, because the fact that a man is our father, or has done us a good turn, does not alter the consequences of our actions; and, as we are bound always to act with a view to general utility, we should not be turned aside by these accidental considerations. Godwin subsequently withdrew from this opinion; and he admits in the preface to one of his novels that, as man is constituted, he cannot get rid of his social feelings. Another doctrine, however, would go far to make them unnecessary. Amongst other matters into which we have no space to enter, Godwin denounces the evils produced by co-operation or division of labour, and gets into very curious perplexities in consequence. In treating this question he incidentally comes upon the question of marriage, which he handles in a manner equally decisive and summary. Marriage, he says, is a kind of co-operation; and is objectionable because it binds two people together who have once made a mistake; and, moreover, as being "the worst of monopolies." It is, he adds with amazing calmness, "a question of some moment whether the intercourse of the sexes in a reasonable state of society will be wholly promiscuous, or

whether each man will select for himself a partner to whom he will adhere as long as that adherence continues to be the choice of both parties." On the whole, he thinks the latter the most probable alternative, though he is careful not to be dogmatic. He remarks, however, that in a state of equality it will be a question of no importance "to know who is the parent of each individual child. It is aristocracy, self-love, and family pride that teach us to set a value upon it at present. I ought to prefer no human being to another because that being is my wife, my father, or my son, but because, for reasons which equally appeal to all understandings, that being is entitled to preference. One among the measures which will successively be dictated by the spirit of democracy, and that perhaps at no great distance, is the abolition of surnames."

We need not go further into the singular vagaries of a doctrine which at the present day is not only ludicrous, but implies a state of mind and a mode of reasoning which we find it difficult even to imagine. And yet Godwin was a man of real ability, and died not five-and-thirty years ago. The total misunderstanding even of his own teachers, such as Hume and Locke, is not more evident than the absurdity of founding a political system on certain abstract dogmas with a total disregard of history. But the very wildness of the speculation is a curious proof of the effect produced upon men's minds by the great catastrophe of the French Revolution, and the consequent unsettling of all established theories; the result may perhaps be still worth notice as a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* of that old-fashioned radical doctrine which lingers amongst certain classes, and considers that the ultimate end of sound politicians is the reduction of government to a minimum. To abolish kings, nobles, parliaments, laws and lawyers, government in general, and even families, is indeed a flight beyond the daring of our present reformers; and of late there are some symptoms that they are taking up the contradictory theory, that government ought to do everything. But a considerable mass of popular opinion has always been in favour of the simple abolition of everything, and would perhaps logically lead to something like Godwin's audacious conclusions. What were the causes and consequences of this particular current of sentiment is a question far beyond our limits; and we can only point to Godwin's book as a curious illustration of its excesses.

KAYE'S SEPOY WAR.*

(Second Notice.)

WE recapitulated in a former article some of the leading events which preceded the Sepoy revolt. We showed how the annexation policy of Lord Dalhousie alienated successively the native princes, the native nobles, the landowners, and, lastly, the classes from which the Sepoys were recruited. According to the apprehension of the Sepoy, his officers were engaged in a crusade against his caste, at the same time that the missionary and the schoolmaster attacked the very roots of Brahminism; and while these changes were in progress another equally important change produced a constantly widening alienation between the army and the European officers who commanded it. The old confidence which had formerly subsisted between the governors and the governed was rudely shaken, and affectionate respect was replaced in the minds of the Sepoys by moroseness and dislike. While danger menaced our power on every side, we were cut off from our ordinary means of information respecting it. Province after province was added to our frontier, but not a single additional European soldier. The country was filled with the disbanded soldiers of destroyed native Governments, and with a dangerous race of discontented nobles, whom the revolution had stripped of their privileges and despoiled of their wealth. The bonds of discipline were relaxed, and at the same time external events urged the Sepoys to discontent. As they became more discontented the events going on around them gave colour and form to their ill-humour. Every action of our Government appeared to tend towards the subversion of Hindooism and Mahomedanism. Our annexations threatened to increase the number of our converts, our resumption operations to destroy the religious endowments of the country. Our penal system disguised an attempt to annihilate caste by compelling men of all denominations to feed together in the gaols. Emissaries were sent into the Sepoy lines from the old princely houses which we had destroyed, and from the Brahminical societies whose precepts we were turning to folly:—

But whatever the nature of their mission, and whatever the guise they assumed, whether they appeared in the lines as passing travellers, as journeying hawkers, as religious mendicants, or wandering puppet-showmen, the seed of sedition which they scattered struck root in a soil well prepared to receive it, and waited only for the ripening sun of circumstance to develop a harvest of revolt.

It was plain—or, to speak more accurately, it is now plain to those who look at the circumstances by the after light of events—that to soldiers in such a temper almost any pretext would be sufficient to produce a revolt. We have passed in review some of the more remote causes which led to the final catastrophe; the proximate causes are still fresh in the minds of all readers, and need not be enumerated. The Act which provided that in future no recruit should be accepted who did not undertake to serve beyond the sea, and the praiseworthy

but in many respects injudicious efforts of the religious societies, seconded as they were by proselytising officers, exasperated the native soldiers till they were ready to receive for truth lies which were industriously circulated respecting the greased cartridges, and the design of the Government by their means to destroy the caste of all the Sepoys. Mr. Kaye's first volume concludes with a picturesque and very interesting account of the earlier incidents of the mutiny up to the period of the outbreak at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi. The second volume narrates the fortunes of the two great series of operations which terminated in the capture of Delhi and the first relief of Lucknow. One of those expeditions started from Bengal with troops drawn from the littoral, the other from the north-west frontier with forces from the hill stations and the Punjab. The first comprise the movements of Neill and Havelock; the other those of Anson, Barnard, Wilson, and Nicholson. It is by following the fortunes of individuals, says Mr. Kaye, that we may best arrive at a just conception of the general action of the whole. For it was by the energies of individual men, acting mostly on their own responsibility, that the rebellion was trodden down, and the supremacy of England firmly re-established. The capture of Delhi by the mutineers was a political fact of tremendous significance. It was true that the Emperors of Delhi had long ceased to exercise any real authority over the people whom they had once governed. Their power was, in the eyes of the English, mere pageantry; but it was no less true that their name still continued to be a living power with the natives of India, and the restoration even for a moment of the Mogul family in the great centre of Mahomedanism was an event which called for the exercise of an energy which should strain every nerve of every department of the Government. From the moment when the troops at Meerut rose against their masters and found companions in their mutiny at Delhi, the great Sepoy war may be said to have begun in earnest. It was no longer a military outbreak at a particular post, but a national rising. The *Englishman* newspaper remarked at the time of the mutiny that there were two stamps in the Calcutta post-office, one marked "insufficient" and the other "too late," and that one or the other ought to have been impressed upon every act of the Indian Government. Certain it is that the Governor-General and his Council failed to perceive, until the revolt had attained disastrous proportions, the importance of the crisis. And though their subsequent action was not without vigour, the fatal stamp "too late" was upon it.

Mr. Kaye is an ardent admirer of Lord Canning, but we cannot but think that we hear somewhat too much of Lord Canning's marble face, and his impassive demeanour amid the general panic; that we read somewhat too much of calm despatches indited when one station after another was falling into the hands of mutineers, or holding its own against enormous odds with the heroism of despair. It is a great thing not to be frightened when every one around you is in fear; a still greater thing for a ruler to keep his head when his subordinates have lost their wits; but still we cannot avoid sympathizing to a considerable extent with the opinion that certainly prevailed in India at the time, that Lord Canning failed to appreciate the magnitude of the crisis. We learn from other sources*—for Mr. Kaye does not, we think, mention it—that Lord Elphinstone telegraphed on the 17th of May, six days after the outbreak at Meerut and seizure of Delhi, that he could at once despatch a steamer to Suez which would catch the French steamer of the 9th of June at Alexandria; but the Governor-General answered that he was not desirous of sending to England by an earlier opportunity than the 19th of May from Calcutta! Yet at that moment Lord Canning must have known that six thousand men had revolted and proclaimed a native king. At the outbreak of the mutiny there were in Calcutta, in Dum Dum and Barrackpore, two regiments of European infantry, the 53rd and the 84th; at Dinapore the 10th Regiment were stationed; these, together with a company of artillery at Fort William, comprised the whole English force between the capital and Agra, 900 miles away. At Sir Henry Lawrence's advice the Government sought the aid of every European soldier they could get from China and Ceylon; and likewise of Jung Bahadoor's Gorkhas from the highlands of Nepal. Lord Elphinstone offered, on the 17th of May, a regiment of Beloochees, and the First Bombay Europeans, both of which offers were accepted. On the same day Sir John Lawrence proceeded to embody 5,000 men from the corps of police and guides in the Punjab, and to raise 1,000 more. The story of the various delays which interposed between the assembling, on the north-west frontier and in the hills, of the force destined to act against Delhi and Allahabad is told by Mr. Kaye at great length. We can hardly avoid the irresistible reflection, that if this is a mere account of the delay, the reality must have appeared indeed tremendous to those whose lives depended upon haste. On the 7th of June, however, the force under General Barnard—General Anson had died of cholera on his way—joined such troops as could be gathered from Meerut, at Alipore, near Delhi; and on the following day, after hard fighting, a secure base of operations against Delhi was wrested from the mutineers, who, strong in artillery, fought with the courage of despair.

Meanwhile succours were on their way from Madras, and rebellion was spreading through Upper India. Colonel Neill arrived off Calcutta on the 23rd of May with his Madras Fusiliers, and at once put all Calcutta into good humour by the racy vigour of his first act on landing. On the arrival of the river steamer alongside

* *The Sepoy War in India in 1857-58*. By John William Kaye, F.R.S. Vol. II. London: Allen & Co.

* *Mead's Sepoy Revolt*, p. 74.

the wharf a railway official told Colonel Neill that the night train to Raneeungee, by which he wished to proceed, was on the point of starting, and that unless he could get his men ashore in two or three minutes it would start without him. In a moment the official was consigned to the custody of a file of men. The captive shouted for assistance. Stokers, guards, and station-master crowded up to see what was the matter, and were each in turn stuck up against the wall, with a couple of bearded Fusiliers standing sentry over them. The Colonel then took possession of the engine, and stowed away his men in the carriages at leisure. The *Friend of India* was not far wrong in declaring "we would back that man to be equal to a case of emergency." We have no space to follow the track of Mr. Kaye further. The mass of details relating to events which happened almost contemporaneously, though apparently without concert, offers unusual difficulties both to the writer who has to arrange his materials and to the reader who wishes to understand them. In such a narrative a tendency to digress can hardly with fairness be laid to Mr. Kaye's account as a fault; still it must be confessed that his constant retrospects are to the last degree bewildering. We are stopped half-way on the march to Cawnpore to hear details of the birth, parentage, and education of some soldier who appears for the first time on the scene; anon we pause in the midst of a stirring military operation to read an historical account of some district or station which fifty years of mismanagement had made ripe for the mutiny that now broke out. The volume closes with a graphic account of the siege of Delhi. It is to be hoped that we shall not have to wait another six years for an account of the rebellion in Oude, and the promised narrative of the operations under Sir Colin Campbell, the recovery of Oude, the campaign in Central India, and the measures by which confidence was eventually restored throughout India and English power re-established.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the literary merits of Mr. Kaye's narrative. Like other works by the same author, the narrative is easy, clear, and picturesque; yet, considering the length of time it has been in preparation, we observe marks of hasty composition which have somewhat surprised us. It is probably the case that Mr. Kaye has devoted all the time at his disposal to the collection and arrangement of his materials, and that when once he decided upon the form of his narrative he has written rapidly. But we cannot accept this as a sufficient excuse for faults which such an able hand as Mr. Kaye's might very easily avoid. The care of a judicious friend would cause them all to disappear from a second edition, especially if he were instructed to strike out all metaphors and replace them with plain English, and to remove certain words which, owing to an unconscious trick of the writer, recur with irritating effect. As instances of the former, speaking of the King of Delhi in p. 6, Mr. Kaye says, "The King shuddered at the thought of removal, and the shudder ran through his family, from the oldest to the youngest, male and female, relatives and dependents." The idea of all the inhabitants of the enormous palace at Delhi shuddering in concert is somewhat ludicrous. We have heard it sung of the inhabitants of this very palace,

We were all nodding
Around the Great Mogul.

It is possible that Mr. Kaye meant to furnish us with materials for a conjectural emendation of the lyric. Again, two pages further on, we read of "the great evil of rotting royalty which had so long polluted the atmosphere of Delhi." Rotting royalty is a somewhat forced metaphor of itself, but to attribute to that metaphorical condition of royalty the power of influencing our physical senses appears incorrect. With regard to another point, the odd recurrence of certain words, it is enough to instance the peculiar use of the word "Christian." Sometimes the word is used in its legitimate sense, as conveying the idea of contrast or distinction between the Christian and the Hindoo or Mahomedan population. Against such use of the word we have nothing to say. But Mr. Kaye is in the habit of using it with undue frequency, sometimes as a synonym for English, sometimes even merely as a redundant epithet. Sometimes it occurs in each of these separate senses within the space of a dozen lines. But we have no wish to dwell on points like these, except for the purpose of indicating where the labour of the file may be directed with advantage before the appearance of another edition.

A DOMINICAN ARTIST.*

THIS work belongs to that extensive and miscellaneous class of literature which originated with the mediæval Lives of the Saints, and of which every theological school has found it necessary very largely to avail itself. It is only one illustration of the Horatian dictum about the greater impressiveness of facts *oculis subjecta fidelibus*—or, in other words, of concrete as distinguished from abstract presentations of truth—that example should be found so much more effective than mere exhortation, however admirably delivered, in promoting personal religion. There was no doubt a great deal to justify the Protestant outcry against saint-worship at the Reformation, but Catholic hagiology appealed to a deep instinct of human nature which Protestants could not afford

permanently to ignore; and even Foxe's notorious martyrology, odd as the comparison may sound, was only a reproduction, under very different forms, of the same type of literature as Ribadeneyra's *Flos Sanctorum*, and without, to say the least, any diminution of the purely legendary element. In our own day neither of the two great schools in the Church of England has neglected this powerful means of influence; though the Catholic party, who do not shrink from openly avowing the principles which their rivals more timidly act upon without distinctly admitting it, have made a more copious; and on the whole more successful, use of religious biography. The author of the *Life of Father Besson* has already laboured in the same field, and writes with a grace and refinement of devotional feeling peculiarly suited to a subject-matter which suffers beyond most others from any coarseness of touch. It would be difficult to find "the simplicity and purity of a holy life" more exquisitely illustrated than in this sketch of Father Besson's career, both before and after his joining the Dominican Order under the auspices of Lacordaire. But his close connexion with that remarkable man, who so strangely combined the qualities of an ardent Liberal and a devoted monk, gives the biography an incidental interest for the general reader over and above the direct object of spiritual edification which the writer seems to have had chiefly in view.

There is indeed one remark in the preface which at once suggests this consideration to us. "It has been asserted," we are told, "that the monastic life chills and represses love, or at all events forces it into unnatural, constrained shapes, which withdraw it from those who have the first claim upon affection and support. Père Besson's *Life* may be contrasted with this opinion." Every one who has read it will admit the fact at once; but we are not equally clear about the general inference intended to be drawn. Or rather, we should be inclined to say with the old schoolmen, *distinguemus*. Father Besson's history, as we shall see presently, was in many ways an exceptional one, and his great master in the religious life was a man of unusually strong affections, which certainly did not glow less ardently under the cowl than before. But then Lacordaire was altogether a very exceptional kind of monk, and it may be questioned whether his assumption of the Dominican habit, with the objects he had in view, was not an anachronism. There is, moreover, another important distinction to be drawn, on which his own account of the matter, in the *Testament* published a few months ago under the supervision of Montalembert, throws considerable light. He there tells us that, when he resolved on joining a Religious Order, he hesitated for some time about selecting the Dominicans, to whom he felt most attracted, from the fear that his health might be unequal—as in fact it eventually proved to be—to the bodily austerities of their rule; but that the idea of choosing any of the modern Orders, which impose no such external discipline, was utterly abhorrent to him, because they require instead a complete surrender of the intellect and will. This was the grand change introduced by Ignatius Loyola in the system of "the religious life," and in which the later Orders have more or less completely followed the Jesuit precedent. When St. Bernard burst into tears in preaching over his brother's grave, it may be difficult to discriminate how much of his affectionate sorrow was due to the religious tie—for his brother was also a brother monk—and how much to the tie of blood. No doubt there was some mixture of both sentiments. But on the whole the rules of the old Religious Orders, which concerned themselves chiefly with bringing the body into subjection, left the play of mind and character comparatively free. And even in our own day there is a marked distinction in this respect between the two classes of communities in the Roman Catholic Church. Among the Jesuits, and the Orders formed on the Jesuit model, the individual is merged in the corporation; he can only think and act within a certain prescribed circle, and the moment he transgresses the boundaries he becomes, like Passaglia, either morally or virtually an outcast from his Order. It has been said by a very competent judge that Mariana is the only really independent writer the Jesuit Society has to show. And the other post-Reformation Orders, like the Redemptorists, reproduce in a less stringent form the same type of a corporate conscience and belief. Hence, for instance, in the present century they are all to a man infallibilists; or, if there are any individual dissentients—as it is hardly possible there should not be—their voices are not heard. On the other hand, the Benedictines represent, almost exclusively, the liberal element among the Italian clergy, and strenuous endeavours are being made at Rome to remodel their constitution after the modern regimental pattern, in the hope of suppressing the comparative independence of thought and action their members have hitherto enjoyed. A conspicuous example has recently shown that something of the same independence still survives in the very Order which Lacordaire joined. Still, as we said before, it may be questioned whether he was not trying "to put new wine into old bottles" when he adopted the Dominican profession as a means of furthering the great regeneration of Catholicism to which he had devoted his life. He is known to have been in the habit of giving an additional reason to his friends—namely, that the Order should atone for the dark stain of blood which rested on it from the days of the Inquisition, by its services to the future development of Christian society. But it may be feared that this too was but a chivalrous dream, destined to perish with himself. Another Frenchman of not dissimilar aspirations, though very inferior to Lacordaire, has lately made the like

* *A Dominican Artist*. A Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Père Besson, of the Order of St. Dominic. By the Author of "Tales of Kirkbeck." London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1870.

experiment with the Carmelites, and has been obliged to acknowledge his mistake. It may be said to the credit of the Dominicans that they did not crush the spirit of Lacordaire or expel him from the Order, as neither in the fifteenth century did they expel Savonarola. But, on the other hand, neither the ancient nor the modern reformer succeeded in impressing their spirit on the Order. Their work was a personal and individual one, which began and ended with themselves. They brought for the moment an accession of strength to the community they adorned, but it neither moulded their characters nor submitted to receive a fresh consecration at their hands. The attempt to put new wine into old bottles failed.

We have wandered far from the subject of this touching memoir, though not from the thoughts which its perusal inevitably suggests. It has been already said that Besson cannot be taken as a normal specimen of the vocation and life of the cloister. He was an only child, born in 1816, of parents who were staunch Royalists, after his father had already died of a wound received in battle. Strikingly beautiful and passionately devoted to his favourite art, the boy was a painter and an enthusiast by nature. He said he "could not believe in the bliss of Paradise without the power of painting." For a brief interval he fell under the influence of a school of Socialism then fashionable in Paris, but very soon returned to the practice of the religion which was to exercise so constraining a power over his future course. When, however, he went with a young friend to the Abbé Desgenettes to offer himself for confession, they felt bound to begin by stating that, while they accepted all the truths of Christianity, they were Republicans, and must remain faithful to their convictions. "Well, my friends," replied the Abbé, "that will not prevent you from being good Christians. I confess Republicans and Legitimists alike. Religion has nothing to do with party, and respects every man's politics." So that difficulty was got over. The account of Besson's artist life, first at Paris and then at Rome, among a group of deeply attached and sympathising friends, is very interesting. He had long however felt a strong counter attraction contending with his artistic enthusiasm, and when he witnessed the religious profession of the dearest of his friends—"the handsome, saintly young Requetat," as Lacordaire called him, who received the Dominican habit together with Lacordaire on April 8, 1839—the die was really cast, though another twelvemonth passed before he actually joined them. If he shrank from the sacrifice of his cherished art, he dreaded still more deserting his widowed mother. But she had watched the conflict in his mind and herself decided the question for him:—

Madame Besson went one morning into her son's studio (where he himself has told us she rarely penetrated, out of her unselfish consideration and fear lest she should disturb him), and voluntarily gave her unasked consent to part with him. Strong feeling rarely finds many words. "My child," she said, "I know your wish, and I will not be a hindrance to your happiness. You shall be quite free; and I myself ask you to follow the religious life. I have but few years to live; I only ask to go where you go, and if you are happy, I shall be happy too."

Besson had not had time to speak when Père Lacordaire rang at the bell. He had come to thank his young friend for the copy of the *Madonna della Quercia*. Besson told him what had just passed, adding simply, "Will you have me, Father?" The good Father was taken by surprise, and his ever-ready flow of sympathy made his tears to flow for the mother, whose sacrifice he knew how to appreciate. The three wept together; but the victory was won for God, and from that moment Besson never looked back. On May 13th, 1840, Père Lacordaire wrote to Madame Swetchine:—

"The young painter who copied the *Madonna della Quercia* has joined us. We had no expectation of this at present, on account of his mother, for he is an only child; but she herself has urged him to follow his vocation. . . . I went to their house, all unknowing, and needed but to stoop and gather this lovely floweret. He is a very miniature Angelico da Fiesole, with an infinitely pure, good, simple soul, and the faith of a saint. His name is Besson."

But throughout her life he kept up a constant and affectionate intercourse with his mother, who was treated by the French Dominicans "as if she had been the mother of them all"; and it was Lacordaire's special desire that he should continue to cultivate his artistic talent, so far as graver duties left him the necessary leisure for it. One of his first duties as a Dominican was to watch by the deathbeds of his two early friends, now his brother novices, Requetat and Piel, who died within about a year of each other. This closed what may be called the romance of his youth, but he seems, like his great master and model, to have retained to the last his original warmth and tenderness of disposition unimpaired. When appointed "novice master" by Lacordaire, he was rather a brother than a ruler to the young recruits entrusted to his charge. His ready sympathy made him very popular as a confessor, but he does not seem to have ever been a powerful preacher. His gifts were of another kind.

The later years of Besson's life—which were spent partly at Rome and partly in the East, whither he had volunteered to go as a missionary—were darkened by the jealous distrust which the Pope was already manifesting towards his beloved guide and friend. Lacordaire had been elected Provincial of the Order in France, and the appointment was far from acceptable at headquarters. "The day after my return to Rome," Besson writes, "I had an interview with the Holy Father, who received me with his wonted paternal kindness. But, prejudiced as he is against Père Lacordaire, he thought our election ill advised, and gently reproached me with weakness." Nor were either of them in the confidence of the Père Jandel, formerly a disciple of Lacordaire's, but whom the Pope had in 1850 put over his head as General of the Order, by an arbitrary act of power, superseding

the electoral rights of the brethren. Father Jandel, it may be remembered, still retains that office, which he has used throughout, as he was of course intended to use it, for the purpose of Jesuitizing and Romanizing the Order to the utmost possible extent. The same narrow and ungenerous jealousies which hampered Lacordaire in his labours in France pursued Father Besson to Mossoul. He was even accused at Rome of "luxury and secularity," because it was absolutely necessary for his little company to keep horses and firearms for locomotion and personal security. He felt the distrust of the authorities at Rome "harder to bear than death." There were other troubles also on the spot, from the folly and fanaticism of those with whom he had to deal. But his earthly trials were rapidly drawing to a close. His zeal had always outrun the strength of a bodily constitution delicate from the first, and now reduced by the toil and sorrows of many years. In the spring of 1861 typhus fever broke out at Mossoul, and Besson gave himself up night and day, as he had done before in the cholera season in France, to the care of the sick and dying. He was at last induced to retire for a brief period of repose to Mar-Yacoub. But it was too late. They reached the Dominican convent there on April 24, and on the afternoon of May 4. Father Besson died, having just completed his forty-sixth year. Lacordaire, who was already failing, and who only six months later followed him to the grave, sent a circular announcing his death to all the French Dominicans, and in a letter to their common friend, M. Cartier, spoke of him as one whose "faithful friendship had been one of the chief blessings and comforts of his life." Madame Swetchine, who knew him well, said "she had never seen any one who bore so distinctly the outward stamp of holiness." Certainly we have never come across what could more strictly be termed, in the truest sense, "the life of a beautiful soul." The author has done well in presenting to English readers this singularly graceful biography, in which all who can appreciate genuine simplicity and nobleness of Christian character will find much to admire and little or nothing to condemn.

ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.*

THESE two volumes of Hawthorne's remains have appeared very opportunely. At a time when the din of war is sounding in our ears, when there is universal excitement and impatience of all news which is six hours old, it is pleasant to turn aside from this feverishness to the perfect repose of these English Note-Books. To drop the *Times* and its latest telegrams, and to pick up one of these volumes, is to find somewhat of the same relief that Hawthorne himself so eagerly and constantly sought when he turned aside from the noise of London into St. Paul's Cathedral or into some quiet court of law. "Truly I am grateful," he says, "to the piety of former times for raising this vast, cool canopy of marble in the midst of the feverish city."

We do not mean for a moment to compare any work of the American novelist to our great cathedral. Nevertheless we feel somewhat of the same kind of gratitude that came over him, and in his works we also feel "as retired and secluded as if the surrounding city were a forest and its heavy roar were the wind among the branches." We doubt much whether he will meet with a large number of readers. Of the thousands and tens of thousands who pass St. Paul's every day, how few there are who know that they need repose, or, if they did know, would be able to find it there! Most people seek for repose from excitement in further excitement, and, wearied with the strain of actual life, turn to the overstrained scenes of the sensational novel or play. If they happened to open this Note-Book they would close it with weariness after reading a few pages, disgusted with that simplicity of matter and style which forms its greatest charm. They would turn with eagerness to the *Times* or the *Telegraph*, and read one of those Special Correspondent's letters which too frequently, for length and dreariness, are worthy rather of the Thirty Years' War than of the short and sharp campaigns of modern times. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between Mr. Hawthorne's notes and a journal kept, for instance, by Mr. Russell. The great Special Correspondent has at first sight every advantage. He never writes but on some great occasion, when nations are fighting, or princes and kings visiting. With the world's quiet every-day life he has nothing to do, and he is never called upon to write till every one is eager to read. The American novelist, on the other hand, keeps to the quiet beaten path of life, and tells us only what we all might have seen. He visits London, Oxford, Aldershot, the Lakes. He keeps up his journal as he travels, and tells us what has passed before our eyes as well as his, but what we have likely enough failed to see. He never comes into a great capital where the people are in the first fever of war. If he could have been in Paris the other day when the first of the Special Correspondent's letters was written for the *Times*, he would have noted down something which would stick to the memory. But who can remember a single line of the four heavy columns which Mr. Russell, or one of his imitators, fired off as his first contribution to the literature of the war? If a man gifted with Mr. Hawthorne's minute observation, his humour, his sympathy, could have been in Paris at that time, he would scarcely have recorded rumours which were worthless in themselves and had

* *Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* 2 vols. London: Strahan & Co. 1870.

been rendered two days stale by the telegraph. He would have painted down for us, with all the accuracy of a Dutch artist, scenes from the cafés, the streets, the boulevards. He would have left emperors and marshals alone, but would have made us familiar with war as it affected the people. He would have found everywhere those striking and ludicrous contrasts which are the more common the more serious is the time, and, whether he favoured Frenchman or German, he would have shown throughout that sympathy for suffering humanity which is so constantly joined with true humour.

Doubtless one of the great charms of these two volumes is the fact that they were not written with a view to publication. What a dull work would Pepys in all probability have written if he had looked forward to the publication of his Diary! Mr. Hawthorne doubtless had a literary object in view as he recorded his notes. As we have pointed out in a review* of his American Note-Books, he was providing "the raw material of novels and descriptive essays." Nevertheless he intended to work up this raw material most carefully before he submitted it to the public eye, rejecting as worthless at least four-fifths of what he had provided. Of course, when a man records almost every evening what has interested him in the day-time, he can scarcely avoid repetition, or fail at times to record matters that are uninteresting in themselves. We could have wished that the editor of these two volumes had ventured to cut out not a little of what she found written. We should have just as well understood the author's character, and should have been saved at times from the temptation of skipping. We hardly think that the author of the *Scarlet Letter* would have liked to know that the following passage would appear from his pen:—

Yesterday was not an eventful day. I took J. with me to the City, called on Mr. Sturgis at the Barings' House, and got his checks for a bank post-note. The house is at 3 Bishopsgate Street Within. It has no sign of any kind, but stands back from the street, behind an iron-grated fence. The firm appears to occupy the whole edifice, which is spacious and fit for princely merchants. Thence I went and paid for the passage to Lisbon (32*l.*) at the Peninsular Steam Company's Office, and thence to call on General—

It is surprising, however, how comparatively few such passages there are, and how rarely Mr. Hawthorne writes without writing interestingly. There is a freshness in the view that he takes of everything he sees, so different from that of the ordinary tourist. As we read his notes we begin again to wonder, as we did when we first read his novels, whence he derived that strange humour of his. It is impossible to read Dickens without being now and then reminded of Smollett, or to read Thackeray without being reminded of Fielding, but whose mantle is it that has fallen upon Hawthorne? His humour is all his own; it has nothing to do with that broad school of humour which America may fairly claim to have originated. We should like to have had a short biography given of him, so that we might have been better able to trace out the formation of his peculiar mind. Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we attribute that curious contrast in his character which most strikes us, and which is the chief source of his humour, to the fact that, while nature clearly made him for an old country, by the accident of birth he belonged to one of the newest. And yet, though belonging to the great go-ahead Republic, it curiously enough happened that he was born and lived for many years in a decaying town, a town which was even venerable compared with most of the great cities of the American continent. He thus acquired a taste for antiquity, perhaps even a love for it, but scarcely a reverence. Rather he was, we imagine, impatient of it, as he contrasted the condition of his own town with the rapidly advancing prosperity of the greater part of the Union. Antiquity, to be really graceful, needs the support of large endowments. A town going to decay, where there is no dean and chapter to throw like ivy a grace over the ruins, is after all a sorry sight. Hawthorne must have known so well the sad life of decayed gentility, that even an ancient House of Seven Gables touched him much more with a feeling of pain than of pleasure. It is curious to notice what a change England works on him in this respect, and how her antiquity at last almost conquers his American republicanism. At first he is impatient of much of what he sees; the meanness of the streets, the dirtiness of the crowds, the stupidity of the children's faces. Talking of the smell of the streets, he says "it is the odour of an old system of life; the scent of the pine forests is still too recent with us for it to be known in America." And when he comes to the British Museum, he thus writes in a manner which to every antiquary but himself must seem rank blasphemy:—

Besides these antique halls, we wandered through saloons of antediluvian animals, some set up in skeletons, others imprisoned in solid stone; also specimens of still extant animals, birds, reptiles, shells, minerals—the whole circle of human knowledge and guesswork—till I wished that the whole Past might be swept away, and each generation compelled to bury and destroy whatever it had produced, before being permitted to leave the stage. When we quit a house, we are expected to make it clean for the next occupant; why ought we not to leave a clean world for the next generation? We did not see the library of above half a million of volumes; else I suppose I should have found full occasion to wish that burnt and buried likewise.

But the longer he lives in England, the more we find he likes it, the less sensible he is of its shortcomings, the greater sympathy he has for its beauties. He travels from one old town to another old town, and wherever a cathedral or a ruined abbey is to be found,

thither he makes his way. He not only visits them once, but is drawn back to them again and again. York Minster and Westminster Abbey especially draw him to them, and at each visit he finds out that he is more able to enter into their beauties. At last he seems no longer to notice our Liverpool school-children with their "mean, coarse, vulgar features and figures," or our street crowds—"a grimy people, as at all times, heavy, obtuse, with thick beer in their blood"; but he exclaims at the end of a tour through "but a little bit of England, yet rich with variety and interest, What a wonderful land! It is our own forefathers' land; our land, for I will not give up such a precious inheritance." He leaves off drawing comparisons between England and the United States; he has no longer an eye for our failings, but looks only for what is venerable and beautiful. "The beauty of English scenery makes me desperate," he says, "it is so impossible to describe it or in any way to record its impressions, and such a pity to leave it undescribed."

There are one or two passages in the earlier parts of the journal which we could wish Mr. Hawthorne had never written, and which we think he himself would scarcely have published. Though his writings generally show a most kindly spirit, yet we find it, we are sorry to say, to be a spirit that had been somewhat soured by that miserable feeling of jealousy towards England which seems so common on the other side of the Atlantic. The gentle Irving knew nothing of this jealousy, and it is sad to find that a man of Hawthorne's cultivated nature could not always rise above the level of Bunker's Hill. It is difficult to understand how a man of a generous heart could have written thus:—"I shall never love England till she sues to us for help, and, in the meantime, the fewer triumphs she obtains the better for all parties." It is only a man of a malignant mind who ever loves to see another sue to him for help, or who looks with an evil eye on another's triumphs. A man with a generous heart, if he does not love his ancient rival at first, certainly does not love him any the more because he has humiliated him. A man of Hawthorne's genius should have known nothing of this mongrel patriotism, which is the curse of the great Republic. Till America has left off being jealous she cannot be really great. It is some satisfaction to find that when he leaves England after his four years' residence he writes:—"I have been so long in England that it seems a cold and shivery thing to go anywhere else."

We had marked many quaint and many beautiful passages for quotation, but we must content ourselves with quoting one pretty story that he tells about his two children:—

J. the other day was describing a soldier-crab to his mother, he being much interested in natural history and endeavouring to give as strong an idea as possible of its warlike characteristics and power to harry those who molest it. Little R. sat by, quietly listening and sewing, and at last, lifting her head, she remarked:—"I hope God did not hurt himself when he was making him."

We hope that little R.'s quaint fancies have not died out with her childhood, and that she may in time show that, though the old tree has borne its last fruit, it has nevertheless left a sapling behind which in its turn will bear good fruit too.

BULLEN AND HEYCOCK'S *RUDIMENTS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR*.*

VERY few and very weary, says Lord Macaulay of the readers of Spenser, are those who are in at the death of the blatant beast. Very weary, but not very few, are the books which do endlessly beset us in which our own poor native tongue is again and again pulled to pieces. At one time we thought that things were mending a little. We thought that we saw a little speck of light in a distant quarter of the horizon. In the last two or three books of the kind which came before us we thought we saw, if only a small advance, yet still an advance; and we began to hope that an English Grammar, or that a book of some sort about the English language, written in a manner at once popular and scientific, might be fairly looked for in the days of our grandchildren. Perhaps we were too sanguine. At all events the last supply seems to show that there is at least very little chance of the good time coming in our own day. Here is another English Grammar, of which we may first of all remark, that one of the exploits of Dr. Nares is altogether outdone. We have given our readers the benefit of the title-page, and yet we have not given them its full benefit; for besides all that we have transcribed, besides the official description of its authors, it further contains no less than four texts or mottoes borrowed respectively from Cicero, Quintilian, Ben Jonson, and Ælfric. The motto from Ælfric is characteristic. It strikes the eye at once, for it would otherwise hardly be believed that there are people at this time of day who think it needful to print what they call "Saxon" in "Saxon" characters; that is to

* *Lingua Anglicana Clavis, or Rudiments of English Grammar so arranged for the use of Schools as to form a new and easy Introduction to Latin and other Classical Grammars*. Originally published by the Rev. Henry St. John Bullen, A.M.; now Edited, with an Abridged Treatise on the English Articles, on English Prosody, Punctuation, and the use of Capital Letters, with various Corrections and Additions, particularly on the Principles of Spelling, and a fresh Construction of the Nouns and Verbs, by the Rev. Charles Heycock, M.A. Second Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

say, in the handwriting of the particular age from which they are quoted. The process is in itself about as reasonable as if we printed all Greek books in uncial letters, or as if Shakespeare were always doomed to appear in a facsimile of the crabbed handwriting of the time of Elizabeth. But this is not all. The particular objection to reproducing in our type the handwriting of those particular centuries is that it distinctly fosters error. If we print "Saxon" in a different type from "English," it can only be to make the barrier between "Saxon" and "English" as high and as strong as possible, and to impress with all due force upon the learner that he is somebody else, and not his father's own son. The practice, as a mere matter of usage, has become quite obsolete. We have not seen any book for a good many years, save those of Mr. Oswald Cockayne, in which old English was not printed in intelligible letters, the thorns, of course, being kept in their proper shape for the due pricking of the unwary. But here we have the old thing in perfection—the queer *s*'s and the queer *r*'s and all the other forms which seem to say "This is the most foreign of all tongues; Latin and French you may write as you write your own speech, but this is a tongue which must be made harder to read than Greek, almost as hard as Hebrew." The motto itself is a good and sound one, and does credit to Ælfric's common sense—"Stæfcræfte is seo cæg þe þera booa andgytt unlycð." But Mr. Heycock's way of printing, instead of being the key which unlocketh the knowledge of books, is rather the padlock which shuts them up so fast that it needs something like the art of the burglar to force one's way within.

In short Mr. Heycock has shown his colours from the beginning. He clearly has some knowledge, but he obstinately refuses to make any use of it; he keeps it carefully locked up under the key of "staff-craft." He is always talking about the "Saxon" language, always comparing it with the "English"; but never hitting on the simple truth of the personal identity of the two. Indeed we are not clear that he does not believe that the "Saxon" language is still spoken somewhere or other. For he tells us that "the Greeks, the Latins, and the Saxons decline their adjectives by the triple variation of Gender, Case, and Number; but the English never vary them in these particulars by any inflective indication." Certainly it would never occur to our old friend the intelligent New Zealander that by "Saxons" and "English" Mr. Heycock simply means the same people at different stages of their history, and that the sentence is much the same as if one were to say, "Charles uses *me* for the nominative as well as for the accusative"—as we have no doubt that Mr. Heycock, like other folk, did when he was a little boy—"but Heycock says *I* in the nominative and *me* in the accusative." But Mr. Heycock has a pleasing simplicity about these matters. When he does hit upon the truth, it is purely by the light of nature. It is only in the last few pages that he gives anything like an historical sketch of the tongue with which he is dealing, and then we come upon this:—

We are much indebted to the Saxons for the names of our towns, villages, rivers, boundaries, liberties, jurisdictions, &c., as well as for the formation of our ordinary language. It is a feature somewhat peculiar that, although the Romans resided in this country about five hundred years, our Saxon forefathers have so nearly supplanted them as to have left but few memorials of their original possessions.

And so, after a long list, some right, some wrong, of English and Danish names of places—the Danish names being of course "Saxon" as well as the others—he moralizes again in this sort:—

Thus have descended to us the names of by far the greater part of our towns and villages, clad in a Saxon exterior. And however the Romans may have formerly called them, their earlier designations are almost entirely obliterated.

And the same inventive liberty is discoverable in the divisions, liberties, and jurisdictions of this country. Thus our counties are made to yield their Roman designation, *Comitatus*, for the Saxon *shire* (*scýre*). And the province of York having three divisions, they are now known as *Ridings*, from the Saxon *ridung*, a third part.

Hence we have *poc*, a *soke* or liberty, with certain ancient privileges still attached. A sheriff, from *scire-gerefa*, a Shire-Reeve; bailiff, from *Buþ-gerefa*, a City-Reeve; and beadle, from *bydel*, a cryer; churchwarden, from *cyrc-wearþ*; and wapentake, a division of a county, so called because the inhabitants in feudal ages were taught the use of arms (from *wapen*, a weapon, and *tacan*, to teach). And when our counties were divided into Hundreds, the Saxon language supplies their designation, from *Hundþeb*, Hundreds; and king and kingdom in lieu of *rex* and *regnum*. And even the oldest Roman ways, or military roads, are Saxonised; as we should now McAdamise them; and their classical names of *vias* and *iter* are broken into *ways* and *streets*.

We need not stop to point out what is right and what is wrong in Mr. Heycock's particular derivations, though it is funny beyond measure to derive the French *bailiff* from the English *burgherefa*: the thing to be studied is the state of mind to which they bear witness. Mr. Heycock grasps the fact that English objects bear English names, but it seems to him something strange and anomalous that they should; he stands and wonders and thinks the "inventive liberty" of our speech to be marvellous indeed. Because a shire is called in Latin *comitatus*, he thinks that *comitatus* must have been an old Roman name which gave way to that of *shire*, thereby letting out the fact that he thinks that our shires represent Roman divisions. After this we do not lift up our hands at finding Mr. Heycock fancying that the shires were divided into hundreds instead of being formed by the aggregation of hundreds. The charming simplicity of all this shows itself again in the preface, where Mr. Heycock tells us of his difficulties in finding a grammar

which suited him when he was, in his own words, "called to the education of his own family":—

Mr. Murray's Grammar, which hitherto had obtained the greatest preference, was arranged in a style so peculiarly his own, as not only to overlook the Saxon origin of our language, but entirely to reject all conformity with the classical models of Greece and Rome; was not the one exactly to be selected.

We confess that it was somewhere before the formula "Mr. Murray," which to modern ears almost exclusively suggests Albemarle Street, conveyed to us any thought of the Landley of a past age. He then goes on to tell us how "the Grammar, published at the expense of the late Miss Linwood, of Leicester, for the use of her school, from a manuscript compiled by the Rev. Henry St. John Bullen, formerly head-master of the classical school there, was lent him." Mr. Heycock then goes on with an account of Mr. Bullen's work, which, though by Mr. Heycock's account a "compilation," was nevertheless "novel in its form," and "constructed with fanciful peculiarities," one of which and "fanciful peculiarities seems to have been that it was 'very incorrectly printed.' Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Bullen's Grammar pleased Mr. Heycock more than any other he had seen, chiefly because it was "so much more nearly arranged according to the Latin Grammar." So "he made choice of it as the basis of the plan herein pursued." What that plan was we must let Mr. Heycock tell in his own words, as they are quite beyond our understanding:—

It has been one of the main objects of the Editor to carry out this conformity; however, not solely in consonance with the Latin model, but that it might more nearly assimilate with modern European Grammars, all of which approach the construction of the Latin more nearly than our own.

So Mr. Heycock, in the genuine spirit of a mediæval chronicler, took Mr. Bullen's book, the copyright of which we trust had expired, and left out this, changed that, added the other, just as if he had been a Radical Matthew Paris transforming a Tory Roger of Wendover. As we never saw the original Bullen, we have no means of judging how much of the result is Bullen and how much is Heycock; so we hope we are not wrong in speaking of the general mass as Heycock, for, if any of it be Bullen by birth, it is at least Heycock by adoption.

When we review a book of this sort, we are, more than at any other time, weighed down by a deep sense of our own weakness and insignificance. We have been fighting against this sort of thing for years. We have, as we sometimes fondly think, slain, if not the tens of thousands of David, yet at least the thousands of Saul. Yet the more we kill them, the more they won't be killed; if one perishes, another rises in his place. Still we hope that we have learned something in the long struggle. When we have got the writer of an English Grammar into our torture-chamber, and the writer of an English Grammar into our torture-chamber, and the writer of an English Grammar into our torture-chamber, we have consigned him to the caresses of the Duke of Exeter's daughter, we think we know the exact joints to which the pressure should be applied. We will examine Mr. Heycock in certain articles, and first of all in the indefinite article itself. What are his views about *a* and *an*? Mr. Murray himself could hardly go further than this:—

A is used before a Consonant, or aspirated *h*, as—*a* book, *a* hand, *a* hymn; and becomes *an* before a Vowel and a silent *h*, as—*an* animal, *an* hour, *an* action, *an* honourable man.

Some comments follow, on which we will venture to make some remarks of our own in brackets:—

Observe, *a* is also used [by a very modern caprice of printers, against which perhaps it is vain to struggle] before the aspirated [does Mr. Heycock sound the verb *use* like the proper name *Hughes*?] or long *u*, as *a useful lesson*, *a universal language* (which is pronounced as if preceded by a *y*); and *an* before *u* short, as *an unhappy mortal*, *an unjust deed*. It is a common mistake among children [shared by the translators of the Great English Bible, set forth and used in the time of King Henry the Eighth and King Edward the Sixth] to write *an* before an aspirated *h*, as *an holiday*, *an hero*, instead of *a holiday*, *a hero*. *An* is improperly used before *one*, as such *an one*; *an* being the same as *one* (says Webster) [from whom we appeal to such an one as the most High and Mighty Prince James and those whom he employed to translate the Second Epistle to the Corinthians], should not be used with it; *an one* is a tautology, more properly written *such one*.

Now after being told that *a* becomes *an* before a vowel, it is truly wonderful to read, "*A* or *an* is necessarily singular, being derived from the Anglo-Saxon *an*, *æn*, or *ain*, which signifies *one*." We wonder whether Mr. Heycock ever read Sir John Maundeville about "the folk that han but o foot," or whether he ever read any Northern English writer talking about "the office of *ane* Bishop." In Mr. Heycock's philology, *an* is derived from *an*, and yet it is formed by adding an *n* to *a*.

As Mr. Heycock dates from Pythley, we cannot be wrong in asking him to come a hunting. Let us listen to his thoughts on the process:—

The vowel *a* before participles, in the phrases *a going*, *a walking*, *a shooting*, *a hunting*, &c., seems, says Bishop Lowth, to be the preposition *an*, disguised by a quick and familiar pronunciation.—Walker's *Intr.* 29. So we may account for the expression, *What's o'clock?* i.e. *on the clock*, in allusion to the position of the hands. Thus, we say, *a bed*, *a shore*, *a foot*, *a board ship*, *a horseback*, *a ground*, &c. Or in the corrupted phrases, "The book is a printing," "the iron is a forging." The *a* may more properly signify *at*, *in*, or *on*.

So again:—

Participles, when preceded by an Article, a Pronoun, or a Preposition, are used and declined like Substantives, as—

The bearing of injuries patiently, is not the part of a coward.

His quitting of the army was unexpected.

The outgoings of the morning.

The desire of getting more is rarely satisfied.

NOTE.—By the *sending* to them the *light* of thy Holy Spirit. Here substitute the *mission* (a substantive for the *sending*), and the next substantive *light* takes its proper position, as the genitive governed by the *sending*. Take away *the*, and *by sending* is a gerund, i.e. *by sending* to them the *light*, &c., where the *light* is the accusative after the gerund.

It is really wonderful to see a man groping about so near to a plain truth, and yet never getting hold of it. One thing is clear, that though Mr. Heycock has gone so deep into matters as to revive a grotesque and happily obsolete fashion of printing, he has not yet grasped the form of the Teutonic participle and the odd way in which it has got confused with the verbal noun. We do not mean to be rude, but we are sorely tempted to borrow Mr. Matthew Arnold's formula and to ask, With whom can Mr. Heycock have lived?

UNAWARES.*

"SI tout arrive à Paris, tout passe en province." With these words Balzac commences one of his prettiest novels—*Eugénie Grandet*. It is a novel the scene of which is laid in a remote French country village. The scenery and surroundings of the country, the peacefulness and absence of all city turmoil, appear on every page, and along with this there is a purity of tone, and something that may almost be called simplicity, such as one rarely meets with in the writings of the author of *Cousine Bette*. The "seamy side" of life on which he so loves to dwell, and the uncomfortable littleness of human character which he lays bare so relentlessly, are hardly touched on in these pages. Life, and a very sad life, is pictured by him, but with a delicacy that almost makes you forget the sadness. And you carry away an impression of a softness that is French though not Parisian; a sweetness that is of the country, but not of the country as we know it in England; and a simplicity of a naïve and unsophisticated type such as would be unreal and artificial in England, however natural it may be in France. And it is not only in Balzac's novels founded on provincial life that these characteristics appear. Something of a similar tone runs through many of the novels of Charles de Bertrand and Gabarion, and in some of the earlier works of George Sand the same simple spirit is apparent. And there is in that French country life a fascination and an interest for some English minds such as they look in vain to find in their own country.

It is some such attraction as this that has raised up a school of English authors, or rather perhaps we should say authoresses, who, under the impulse to produce something worthy of them in writing, have surveyed their own English country life and found it barren, and have turned their backs upon it, and sought a more congenial field for their genius in the simple life of provincial France. Miss Thackeray set the fashion in her *Village on the Cliff*, and she has been succeeded by a train of followers of more or less distinction, and this train seems to be steadily on the increase. These writers have been captivated by the individuality of the life in those old French towns and villages, and they take pleasure in reproducing it in all its natural freshness, unsullied by any English colouring. And there is something that attracts the imagination in the contemplation of the quiet primitive existence that men and women live in rural France. French life is much more distinctive than English life. It is of two very different types, Parisian and French, and the line between these two lives is clearly and definitely cut. It is difficult to conceive anything much more unlike than the ideas of daily existence entertained by a Parisian and by a provincial Frenchman or Frenchwoman. They might be types of two distinct formations, whereas in England it is not so. English life is either London life or provincial London life. It is either London life in the country, with the addition of fox-hunting instead of Rotten Row, and covert-shooting instead of Hurlingham, or it is so utterly coarse and matter-of-fact and unbecoming that the warmest imagination could hardly weave an idyl out of it. And even this last type of life is not individual even in its unloveliness. It is merely a bad edition of London in the provinces. Go to almost any of the country towns from Land's End to the Cheviot Hills—except perhaps to Oxford and Cambridge, where life is still mediæval and where female influence for good or evil is, except at Commemoration, comparatively unfelt—and you see nothing radically different from what you see in London. It is all of an inferior and provincial character, but the type is London. The Mayor of a provincial town is merely a second or third-rate Lord Mayor, and the Mayoress a second or third-rate chief magistrate's lady; the town councillors are inferior aldermen, their wives inferior alderwomen. So society in an English country town is only a lower kind of London society, with a narrower range of ideas and interests; a humbler but comparatively not less ostentatious order of entertainment, and a more provincial character of dressing. It is English—solemn, fat, matter-of-fact, struggling, un-ideal English—all over, without the germ of romance or the possibility of sentiment. And hence it is that our new authoresses are driven across the Channel for the raw material of their novels. We could hardly fancy any one of them, even the most imaginative, sitting down in serious earnest to depict society as it is at Barnstable or at Yarmouth. No doubt everything goes on in these two centres of industry of the character out of which romances grow. Love is love in beggars as in kings, and young men and maidens woo and are

wooed at Yarmouth just as they are in Belgravia. They have their worries, and their pleasures, and their difficulties—minds to make up, rivals to make them jealous, triumphs to rejoice over, and parents to make objections—behind the counter in the provincial town, just as they have beneath the smiles of all the dukes and duchesses chronicled in the pages of the latest fashionable novel. But how could any English novelist of the present day create a story out of the woes of a Yarmouth fish-curer, or the heart-breakings of a Barnstable barmaid? Mr. Trollope, no doubt, has made a good deal out of one phase of English country society—the clerical. But the interest which he excites in his cathedral-coloured tales is not of the romantic cast, but rather of the humorous. You are amused by Mrs. Proudie, but the love labours of Mr. Thumble do not interest your head and grieve your heart. You do not feel for him as you feel for Anthony Tournier, or for Maigna, the landlord's daughter in the little hostelry at Nogent, or for the bright sunny heroine of *Unawares*. Such characters as these seem only to exist and blossom out in all their sweetness among the quaint old towns and villages of France. Among them our new school of authoresses have struck upon a vein of precious metal in all its pure and natural simplicity; with its beauty untarnished by contact with the capital, and undimmed by the vulgarity of a provincialism that aims at being unprovincial and metropolitan.

The author, or perhaps we may safely say the authoress, of *Unawares* belongs to this new school, and though not of the first, nor even of the second order, she is no unworthy pupil. She calls her little novel "the story of an old French town," and so far as it goes the story is the story of an old French town. The local colouring is well sustained, and the characters are such as we might expect to meet in their own locality. There are not a great many of them, neither is there very much opportunity for them to display character. The incidents are few, and not of a thrilling nature. But such as the characters are, and such as the incidents are, they are all naturally given, and the reader goes on through the little book easily and pleasantly, unharmed by anything painful, not especially excited by any of the transactions in the story, but with a sense of serene acquiescence in the fate which has sent him something quite agreeable to read, and with a feeling of gratitude towards the lady who has taken the trouble to put together so many sentences and so many chapters that can give no pain to any of his tastes or fancies, and do give a certain pleasure to them all.

The scene opens at the side of a village well (which the authoress, perhaps unnecessarily, magnifies into "a fountain"), where the gossips of the village meet together and discuss the opening catastrophe of the novel. This catastrophe consists in the sudden death of an elderly gentleman, who, with his niece, the heroine of the story, has come to Charville. He has left a will of an unusual construction, whereby he has appointed M. Deshoulières, the doctor of the place, guardian of his niece, Madlle. Thérèse, and has left all his money to an exiled nephew with whom Thérèse imagines herself in love. This nephew has disappeared, and the plot of the piece consists in the unravelling of the various attempts made by M. Deshoulières to find M. Fabien, the exiled nephew and heir, and the difficulties thrown in the way of his discovery by M. Rouleau, the attorney of Charville, who drew the will, and who finds it more convenient to keep the heir in the background. During all these plots and counterplots Thérèse nourishes a hopeless passion for M. Fabien, who is utterly unworthy of her, and M. Deshoulières nourishes what appears to be an equally hopeless passion for Thérèse. But gradually things right themselves. Thérèse finds that all the fine qualities with which her young imagination had endowed Fabien were possessed, not by him, but by Deshoulières, and Deshoulières finds that a solitary existence under the chilling care of the Veuve Angelin, his housekeeper—"a small, thin, pungent-looking Frenchwoman"—however easy and irresponsible in the old days before he knew Thérèse, is insupportable under brighter auspices when he awoke to the reality of his love for her.

There is not much in such a plot, but the interest of the book turns, not on it, but upon the characters of Deshoulières and Thérèse, and the manner in which the grave matter-of-fact elderly doctor gradually finds the whole tenor of his life changed by his feelings for his young ward, and the way in which the bright, happy, self-willed little heroine is brought round to see the value of a good man's love. In this delineation the whole pith of the story is contained, and to this the authoress has successfully devoted great and praiseworthy attention. The following passage describes, and describes well and tastefully, and with a light and pleasant touch, Deshoulières' awakening to the sense of his attachment to Thérèse:—

M. Deshoulières went slowly away from the Rouleaus towards his own house. The *café* at the corner of the little Place was brilliantly lit; outside, between great tubs of evergreens and climbing daturas, men were sitting, smoking, drinking coffee, or mixing horrible little decoctions of absinthe. Instead of joining the group, and reading his evening budget of the *Patrie*, the *Gaulois*, or the *Organe du Département*, M. Deshoulières strolled away to one of the deserted seats under the trees, where there was not sufficient cheerful light or sound for the attraction of idlers, and he was not likely to be recognised. There was his own house opposite, dark and dreary-looking. Some of the windows round were open, light streamed out, figures sat in the balconies; one woman he noticed particularly in a white shining dress, with a child clambering on her knee; he could hear happy voices, laughter and singing. His own house looked like a dark patch in the middle of it all: presently, one little feeble light passed a window, disappeared, shone out again in the story above. "Veuve Angelin is going upstairs," commented M. Deshoulières. For the first time a feeling of dis-

* *Unawares*. A Story of an Old French Town. By the Author of "One Year." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1870.

satisfaction took shape in his mind. Why had he no one better than Veuve Angelin to welcome him? Why should his house be unlike those others? It had a balcony—he had hardly noticed it before—why might not a lady, in a white shining dress, sit there in a little glow of warm light? He half closed his eyes, and fancied her: a slight figure, dark brown hair, lying lightly on her forehead; grey eyes, with the beseeching look he had more than once remarked. “Every place must be a little sad to me, for I belong to no one.” His shining lady would say no such pathetic words. Ah, M. Deshoulières, you opened your heart to Pity, and another visitant slipped in unawares!

One more passage we may quote of a rather different character. It is that in which the good man's feelings are depicted on the arrival of Fabien, and before he has shown his unworthiness—when Deshoulières feels that all the fair castles which he has been rising up and peopling with himself and his young bride are knocked down like palaces of cards, and the bright visions which he had been contemplating for weeks and months fade away before him, and he can see nothing round him but desolation:—

Poor man! There were two or three conflicting currents in his heart, such as wear lines before they have been running very long. An hour of their work will do more than a few years of age, who is but a slow labourer after all. Fabien was come—this man of whose love he had never known until he had given that away which now he could never more take back. Fabien had come, and there would be a marriage; and Thérèse would be carried away, and he—? Well, he should remain in Charville, go through that daily round so like, and yet so unlike, itself: worry the Préfet, be victimized by Veuve Angelin—it was not very interesting when he looked at it in this downright, colourless fashion, but still it was there; so far as a future could be foretold, this was the future to which he had to look forward. Most people have once or twice in their lives gone through that desolate time when before them stretches out a grey, cheerless, sunless prospect, a long dusty road, as it were, along which there must be a solitary plodding. Until we have tried it ourselves we cannot believe that, after all, the first view is the saddest part of it; that as we go along we come to hidden banks, in which stony flowers are blossoming—walls painted with delicate bright lichen—tiny wayside streams—crystals in the dust—all manner of sweet surprises, and evermore above them all the eternal blue of heaven. Afterwards, when we are in the midst of them, we wonder how the dreary road has become so beautiful; but beforehand it appals us. Perhaps life never looked so sad to Max Deshoulières as in that little journey from Charville to Marry.

These two passages are fair specimens of the workmanship to be found in this little novel. And it is of no inferior order. Throughout the book there are similar passages of equal or of higher merit. They all testify to certain qualities which a novelist must possess to be successful. And these are fine feeling, careful writing, and considerable reflection on the changing scenes of life. But these qualities are not sufficient to raise a novelist to the higher orders of creative art. Before “the Author of *One Year*” can reach those higher regions she will have much to learn. She must know how to weave a plot, and how to handle the different parts so as to make it one consistent whole. She must pay as much attention to the end as to the beginning of her story, and, above all things, she must trust to herself, and not look to others, for the incidents of any future work she may undertake.

HAWKER'S FOOTPRINTS OF FORMER MEN IN FAR CORNWALL.*

A POET'S fancy and a painter's eye are no bad stock in trade for one who essays to collect, even in prose, the memorials of the district where his lot is cast. Last year, in his *Cornish Ballads*, Mr. Hawker won just praise for the life and reality he threw into his poetic pictures of Morwenstow and Tamar-side; and now a sound instinct has led him to go over some of his old ground again; not this time in verse, but in such a form of *oratio pedestris* as from its ease and fluency, coupled with subject-matter of various interest, is not only a pleasure to read, but a thing for study and for remembrance. His sketches of the country, in upper and northern Cornwall, which is shut in by the “Severn sea” and the Tamar river, are so vivid and graphic that one longs to shoulder knapsack and be off to the scenes they represent. Sketchers who are good at landscape and background often fail in drawing figures, and in peopling the canvas on which they perpetuate satisfactorily their memories of still life; but the author of these *Footprints* can photograph men and manners as well as rocks, dells, or moorlands, and has a happy gift for portraying, in prose idylls, scenes and characters which for thirty years and upwards have been as much his study as his amusement. It were to be wished that more country vicars would devote their latent literary skill to jotting down the history, biographies, and legend-lore of their parishes and districts, and thus accumulating material which would add incalculably to the interest and value of county histories. There are districts in England teeming with characteristic legend-lore which have found no annalist beyond a rigid chronicler of facts, a prosier deaf to the voice of antiquity, and incapable of discerning the truth lying hid in the myths, monuments, and half-forgotten memorials of a county or neighbourhood. Not such is the Vicar of Morwenstow. Taking for his starting-point his own church and churchyard, he fetches a compass round it which takes in whatever of life, lore, and landscape is capable, when recorded, of either illustrating the past or enlivening the present. It is true that the field which has fallen to him is scarcely every man's field. His experiences embrace sea and land, storm and shipwreck and wild seafaring life, as well as simple, sequestered, Sleepy-Hollow-like Holcombe, which one of his sketches depicts as the *ne plus ultra* of illiterate seclusion.

* *Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall.* By R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow. London: J. Russell Smith. 1870.

Looking at the range and variety of Mr. Hawker's sketches, we must credit him with no ordinary gift for recording remembrances which in one or two more generations would otherwise have lapsed into oblivion.

We have said that he starts from his own parish churchyard, where, on what was once rocky moorland, untrodden save by what old Cornubians deemed “angels' feet,” unmarked save by wayside crosses of St. James or St. John, stands the ancient pile which owes its erection to the saintly woman who is said to have won her largess of God's acre, here and elsewhere, by her tuition of King Ethelwulf's daughter Edith and her sisters. It is of little moment that the same tuition is in some chronicles ascribed to Modwen, foundress of an ancient shrine beside which was built the Abbey of Burton, and the child (the story runs) of an Irish King; or that no such name as Morwen, which is almost synonymous with Modwen, occurs in the more ancient lists of the family of the Celtic Breachan, among whose twenty-four daughters Mr. Hawker—in a note to his ballads, we think—reckons both these virgins. If she were Modwen, Morwenna left her memory in Scotland, Ireland, and other parts of England, as well as in Cornwall; but it is enough for our present purpose that she founded a “station” or “stowe” on Tamar-side on a spot “where now ascend into the ninth and tenth centuries the early Norman arches, the font, porch, and piscina of Morwenstow Church.” The curious in ecclesiastical architecture will glean interesting data from Mr. Hawker's account of its peculiar features, among the more notable of which are its roof of ancient shingles of rinded oak; the west window of its tower, which is intentionally crooked towards the right, in token, it is averred, of the dying Saviour's drooping head; and the vine-cornice which encircles the bosses of the roof, and the roots of which, on either side, start from the altar, the “stem travelling outward across the screen toward the nave.” The grave of a priest just outside the screen on the nave-steps, and the graveless state of the north of the churchyard—Satan's region of old, as, says Mr. Hawker, is attested by the “Devil's door” in the north wall of the church at Wellcombe being in ancient days opened at the renunciation in the Baptismal service, for the fiend to pass out (p. 24)—are also matters for the ecclesiologist; but a more common interest is awakened by the burial place, under the southern trees, of more than thirty shipwrecked sailors, buried there at divers times by the present vicar and his parishioners. At the grave head of one lot stands the figure-head of the *Caledonia* of Arbroath, only one of whose crew, a Jersey man named Le Daine, escaped to tell of the storm that burst just as the ship had rounded the Land's End. There, too, sleep the crew of the *Phoenix* of St. Ives, wrecked and lost the year after; the body of one of whom, at his brother's instance and through the help of engineering aid, Mr. Hawker succeeded in extricating from under a superincumbent mass of broken rock near low-water mark. There, also, rest the crew of the *Alonso* of Stockton-on-Tees, who soon after realized to their cost that

From Padstow point to Lundy Light,
Is a watery-grave, by day or night;

and touching one of whom, whose right arm had engraven on it the letters P. B. and E. M. in a wreath or link, the vicar was enabled some time after to learn the true story, which could not have been rendered more touching or strange by the most fanciful romance (see p. 220). Thus, without going out of his churchyard, our author finds matter not only for his introductory chapter, but for a fund of “remembrances of a Cornish vicar,” which latter are rendered more lifelike by his sketches of present or recent typical parishioners, such as Peter Barrow and Tristram Pentire, old watchers of the sea for flotsam and jetsam, worthy souls with a strong flavour of the old leaven in them, and men very hard indeed to persuade that a man can be justly or lawfully hanged for making away with a “gauger.” As elsewhere, so here, it would seem that the latter worthy did not always meet the fate of Parminster, who, having rushed on board a boat, cutlass in hand, without any followers (his dog Satan even disapproving his rashness), was deliberately decapitated by the smugglers on the gunwale. An alternative course was to deposit a purse of gold in the “Gauger's Pocket,” a large grey rock on a moorland near the seaciffs, in the moss-clad rear of which was a crevice of an arm's depth with a sliding panel. A day or two afterwards one of those most concerned would meet the gauger and say, “Sir, your pocket is unbuttoned”; to which he would answer smilingly, “Ay, ay, but never mind, my man, my money's safe enough.” Many similar traits of his parishioners and parish does Mr. Hawker record of his own knowledge or hearsay; but he does not withal neglect the field of tradition. For a pretty and true tale of Edward IV.'s days we can commend the reader to the prose idyl of Thomasine Bonaventure, a barefooted Cornish maiden whom a London merchant took away from the sheepfolds to Wike-St-Marie, and transplanted to his city home to become his wife, and the wife after him of two other rich Londoners, in the mayoralty of one of whom she “hobbed and nobbed” with King Edward himself. She never forgot her old home and friends, however, and her benefactions to Wike and the neighbourhood of her home still keep her name and story in fragrant remembrance. More mystical and romantic perhaps is the story of the “Botathen Ghost,” one Dorothy Dinglet, whom, after he had fortified himself with canonical license and authority, Parson Rudall, in 1665, succeeded in confessing *sub sigillo*, and then “laying.” The ghost, it is said, prophesied a pestilence

before the next yule-tide, and, sure enough, in the July of that year came the "Black Death." The story of the Botathen Ghost is told briefly, and not so well, by Mr. Hunt, in his *Romances and Drolls of the West of England*. The piteous barking of Master Bligh's dog when "the spirit floated along the field like a sail upon a stream," and the pallor and disquiet of old Mr. Bligh—who knew a great deal more of what it was that suffered not Dorothy Dingle to rest in her grave than his more innocent neighbours—on hearing of the ghost's visits, are touches which Mr. Hawker has known how to work into the tale.

But perhaps the two most characteristic figures which he calls up from the buried past of his district are its Giant and its Dwarf, Anthony Payne and Black John, worthies who form the subject of two very effective sketches. The former was a stout yeoman and retainer of Sir Beville Granville in the days of the King and the Parliament. At full age he measured seven feet four inches in height, and his boyish proportions were so vast "that when he was a mere lad his schoolmates used to borrow his back, and for sport work out their geography lessons or arithmetic on that broad disc with chalk, so that, to his mother's dismay, he more than once brought home, like Atlas, the world on his shoulders for his mother to rub out." "Uncle Tony's Kittens," "Tony Payne's Foot," and "Payne's Cast" are local proverbs still commemorative of his traditional feats of strength. With huge bulk this giant united the very exceptional gifts of clear, bright mother-wit and intellect, and, mastiff or Newfoundland-dog-like, staunch fidelity to his master, and kindness to his equals and comrades. Payne's letter to his mistress when Sir Beville had been killed at the battle of Landsdown, and his giant, having seen his young master through the field, was preparing to bear home to Stowe the body of his dead lord, is a model of tender and truthful devotion; and the story of his tucking a supposed corpse under his arm after the battle of Stratton Hill, to deposit it in a trench prepared for ten bodies, when lo! this tenth corpse found a voice, and said, "Surely you won't bury me, Mr. Payne, before I am dead," and of Payne's rejoinder that "the trench was dug for ten," in spite of which grim joke he took him to his own cottage and bade his wife heal his wounds, is a nice trait of the kind heart that dwelt in the body of this Cornish child of Anak. To his dying day this Payne, who rose to a military rank after the Restoration, was a staunch Stuart man; and a very good story is recorded in pp. 43-4 of his resenting the insult of "a calf's head on a William and Mary dish" being served up at the mess-table on the anniversary of Charles I.'s execution, by flinging dish and contents out of window, and then giving the officer who called him out in consequence "sauce for his calf's head," by running him through his sword arm. Black John, the dwarf and last jester of the Arscotts of Tetcott, is a capital companion picture. His lineaments are preserved in a picture in the Vicar of Morwenstow's possession; and his feats of "sparrow-mumbling," "swallowing live mice," "worrying Whitfieldites," and bumping the coffin lid off, when they were going to bury him prematurely, at the critical point where the parson uttered the words "dust to dust," will live in the vicar's page as long as the painted picture. True to his trade as a jester, this strange character had the knack of giving vent to home-truths. Telling his master's guests of his dreadful dream that he was dead, and in "the place where the wicked people go," he took care to bring out the fact that there, "as on airth—in Tetcott Hall—the gentlefolks were nearest the fire." When he ran on foot after the hounds, his current jest was to liken the hounds in full cry "to our missus at home in one of her storms"; and he was wont to salute the clergyman who had once half-buried him by mistake, with a stone from behind a hedge, and the mocking ejaculation, "Ha! old dust-to-dust, here I be, alive and kicking."

A not less interesting and a more intellectual representative of the former men of old Cornwall was Daniel Gumb, the self-taught mathematician, of a date somewhat later than Sir Isaac Newton. He was by trade a stone-cutter, and constructed a kind of Cyclopean dwelling for himself and his wife Florence in a nest of rocks, whereon and whereabouts his problems of Euclid, worked out with a chisel, still remain here and there as a trap to savants and archaeologists from London, who are led to speculate "as to the Druidical origin of the mystic figure, or the scientific knowledge of the early Kelts." Some of the most interesting pages in the whole book, however, are those which treat of the belief in witchcraft always found among primitive and secluded populations, such as Mr. Hawker's parish in general and his hamlet of Holcombe in particular. The reader may here learn the notes of an evil eye, and of a born witch, and, what is even better, the credentials of a *white-witch*—that is to say, the all-valuable functionary who supplies powders as antidotes for the "charms of night," and knows the "mystic words" which unspell the spell that bewitches the sow's farrow, the yearning ewes, and the farmer's cows. Such a one must be the seventh son in succession from one father and one mother; and "Uncle" Tony Cleverdon, who fulfils these requirements, is an important parishioner of Mr. Hawker's. But if the vicar's very amusing account of the ride of himself and a brother B.A. some thirty or more years ago from Bude to Boss has not, like some good old stories, improved with time, one episode in it would suggest that the survival of local superstitions and the occupation of such "doctors" as "Uncle Tony" are due in some measure to madcap tricks and crackbrain jokes of young tourists full of life and mischief. Our travellers found queer food and queerer sleeping

accommodation at Joan Treworgy's hostelry at Boscastle, a village in a gorge near the sea, somewhat like that depicted in *Enoch Arden*. The heat and closeness of their bedchamber murdered sleep, and so they got up in the dead of night, and saw sunrise from a splendid hill-top five hundred feet above the sea. But descending to the village, still fast in its sleep, the wags must needs release the pigs out of every pigsty, which every villager keeps on that hill-side. The travellers crept unobserved to their bedroom, soon to be roused by the startled villagers flocking out to witness a phenomenon which a Boscastle woman described to them, in Cornish lingo, on this wise:—"They do say, Captain, that the *pegs* have a-rebelled, and they've a-be and let one the wother out, and they be all a-gwain to sea huz-a-muz, bang!" To this day, no doubt, that "herd of swine" is currently reported to have been bewitched. We have no space to transcribe the bill which mine hostess presented to these travellers, in which the item "T for 2" is worthy to rank with those of "pyg pye," *h.e. pork pie*, and "Brad and chis," *h.e. bread and cheese*, which have come under our own eyes in past time. But we must quote an anecdote told of the aforementioned Tony Cleverdon's observations of birds, an anecdote which points perhaps to something more real than augury. This is how ravens saved a man's life:—

There was a wrecker called Kinsman, who, when no wreck was onward, got his wages by raising stone in a quarry on the sea-shore. Well, he was to work one day over yonder, half-way down Tower-cliff, and all at once he heard a buzz above him in the air, and he looked up and there were two old ravens flying round and round very near his head. They kept whirling and coming so nigh, and they seemed so knowing, that the old man thought they were verily striving to speak, as they made a strange croak; but after some time they went away and Kinsman went on with his work. By and by both came back again, flying above and around as before, and then at last the birds dropped right down into the quarry two bits of wreck-candle (Neapolitan wax candles from Mediterranean ships lost in the Channel) just at the old man's feet. Seeing these, Kinsman thought "there is surely wreck coming in upon the beach"; so he packed his tools together, left them just where he stood, and went his way wrecking. He could find no jetsam, however, though he searched far and wide, and he used to say he verily believed that the ravens had the candles at hand in their hoit, so as to be ready with them as they were. Next day he went back to quarry to his work, and he always used to say it was as true as a proverb; there the tools were all buried out of sight; the crag had given way and fallen down, and if he had tarried one hour longer he must have been crushed to death! So you see, sir [said Uncle Tony, whose words we have given almost verbatim], what knowledge those ravens must have had; how well they knew the old man, and how fond he was of wreck; how crafty they were to hit the old plan that would ever have slobbered him away; and the birds moreover must have been kind creatures and willing to save a poor fellow's life.

This curious bit of bird-lore is an instructive commentary on Virgil's lines

Hand equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium, et rerum fato prudentia major.

And the mention of Virgil reminds us to hint to Mr. Hawker that in p. 56 he has by inadvertence attributed to Horace a line which all the world ought to know comes from Virgil's *Eclogues*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

RECENT events give additional interest to works on the state of Germany, and on the great question of German unity. The two small volumes of M. Emile de Laveleye, therefore, at any time most readable and full of important details, are just now exceptionally valuable; they consist of several articles contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and are introduced by an excellent preface.* Whether M. Laveleye would now be so strong a supporter of *l'unité allemande* as he was when he wrote the various chapters of his work is perhaps a matter of doubt. His leading propositions are, briefly, the two following:—1. German unity is a fact which cannot be long postponed; it will come to pass either quietly, under the influence of common ideas, economic interests, and the necessity of adopting the same laws, tariffs, &c.; or violently, through the obligation of defending the fatherland against foreign invasion. 2. The unity of Germany is a desirable result, because, in the first place, it satisfies the aspirations of forty millions of men; in the second place, it will be one more obstacle, and a very serious one, thrown in the way of those warlike tendencies which have not yet disappeared from modern civilization; and, finally, it is the sole resource which Europe possesses against the encroachments of a Pan-slavonic empire aspiring to universal domination. The situation of Austria, M. de Laveleye believes, is a great deal more complicated. That the present system cannot last long it is not difficult to perceive, but it would be very difficult to offer a solution calculated to satisfy the heterogeneous elements of which the Austrian Empire is constituted. A Federal Government similar to that which exists in Switzerland since 1848 is perhaps, he thinks, the safest hypothesis.

M. Victor Cherbuliez † writes about German affairs from a totally different point of view; he is especially bitter against Prussia, whom he accuses of perfidious designs, and to whose ascendancy he far prefers the disunited state of the Confederation before 1866. In the present state of affairs the petty princes of Germany exist merely on sufferance, and the ambition of Count Bismark will

* *La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa*. Par E. de Laveleye. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *L'Allemagne politique depuis le paix de Prague*. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

get rid of them on the very first opportunity. The reader will perceive that whilst M. Victor Cherbuliez may claim to be regarded as a kind of prophet, M. de Laveleye, on the other hand, sees his predictions about the accomplishment of German unity realized much sooner than he expected. It remains to be seen how far this welding together of the Teutonic nations will ultimately secure the peace of Europe.

The thirteenth volume of M. de Viel-Castel's *Histoire de la Restauration** opens with a chapter which, by describing the state of Germany in 1823, affords a theme for an interesting parallel between the results of the Congress of Vienna and those of the Peace of Prague. In the one case the power of Prussia is in the ascendancy; in the other it is that of Austria; during the Restoration period Metternich played the part which Count Bismarck has since taken up, and the diplomatic intrigues so assiduously carried on forty years ago had for their object the return to absolutist principles under the joint initiative of the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg. The new volume which M. de Viel-Castel has just published contains the narrative of political events from the Spanish war down to the death of Louis XVIII. The dismissal of Chateaubriand from the Cabinet and his accession to the ranks of the Opposition, the discouragement of the Liberal party and the attitude assumed by Villèle's Government, the splendid oratorical triumphs of Royer-Collard and General Foy, form the principal topics of this ponderous octavo, in which the author has displayed all his characteristic impartiality, combined with a thorough knowledge of State affairs, and a dignified though somewhat colourless style. A rather insufficient notice is given of the progress of literature and the fine arts during the reign of Louis XVIII., and we have to regret that a brief mention of M. Victor Hugo and M. de Lamartine, together with a paragraph devoted to the works of M. Thiers and M. Mignet, constitutes all that the author had to say on a very interesting subject. The *Histoire de la Restauration* should have been, we think, a record not only of political doings, but likewise of intellectual culture.

Next to commanders like Ney, Davoust, Macdonald, Marmont, and Angereau, the annals of the first French Revolution and of the Empire can boast of men who possessed the best qualities of soldiership, and who rendered the greatest services on the field of battle. Such was General Vandamme.† Two causes prevented him from attaining the proud position which some of his comrades, far less deserving than himself, managed to reach, and from being inscribed on the roll of the Marshals of France. In the first place, he was too truthful, and could never be deterred from denouncing what he considered to be wrong, or from exposing the numerous instances of corruption and meanness he saw around him; further, during the period of the Consulate he did not serve under Bonaparte himself, and was never so thoroughly acquainted with him as other generals in the French army. Vandamme's career, however, was a brilliant one, and it is related in an interesting manner by M. du Casse, who has had at his disposal a large collection of family papers now in the possession of a grand-nephew of the General. The book before us is a very valuable addition to the works we possess on the campaigns of the French army from 1792 to 1815.

M. Évariste Bavoux‡ has just collected in two handsome octavos a number of articles and *comptes-rendus* published by him at various epochs in the French newspapers. His preface contains a profession of faith which seems to us rather superfluous. He begins by saying that political immutability is nonsense, and that, the science of government being essentially experimental, it is liable to variations according to the wants of the nation and the circumstances amidst which we live. An array of quotations occupying nearly three pages of small print is drawn up in confirmation of this not very recondite doctrine, and we have further the assurance that, the author not holding office under the Government of Napoleon III., his Imperialist sympathies must be considered as sincere and thoroughly disinterested. These preliminary details being settled, M. Bavoux places before us the *pièces justificatives* of the history of France during the last twenty years, and deduces from them an unqualified eulogy on what he calls *un règne autoritaire*. The first volume is almost entirely of a political character, whilst literature forms the staple of the second. Under the title *Analogies historiques*, our author introduces one of the most singular and startling parallels we have ever met with; he maintains that the present Emperor of the French is the exact counterpart of our William III., and he would make us believe that the *coup d'état* of 1852 finds its complete analogy in the Revolution of 1688.

The work of M. Edouard Langeron§, like M. D'Assailly's monograph which we noticed last month, is an attempt to read to the nineteenth century a lesson borrowed from the annals of the past. Pope Gregory VII., says our author, undertook four different things—1, he did his best to destroy simony; 2, he enforced ecclesiastical celibacy; 3, he wished to deprive temporal sovereigns of the right of investiture; 4, he claimed on behalf of the Catholic Church political supremacy. On the first of these points M. Langeron believes that Gregory VII. deserves unquali-

fied praise; not only did he exercise a right, but he discharged an imperative duty, and here history has nothing but praise to bestow upon him. Respecting the question of clerical celibacy it is more difficult to decide; any society, says M. Langeron, has the undoubted right of binding its members to the observation of such rules as it may deem necessary, and so far the Pope cannot be found fault with. On the other hand, the law in question should have come forth as the work, not of a Papal coterie, but of the whole Church, and it would have been far better to devise some other plan for improving the morals of the clergy than to establish as a peremptory rule a matter of discipline respecting which there was no uniform practice amongst the early Christians. The quarrel about the privilege of investiture is a third point where Gregory VII. was partly right and partly wrong; he was justified in his endeavours to stop for ever the conflict which had so long existed between the secular power and the Papacy, but he erred in adopting precisely the point of view which he denounced so vehemently when it was assumed by his adversaries. Finally, the idea of a universal monarchy, carried out with the utmost vigour in favour of the Church, is one against which it is impossible to protest too loudly, even if experience had not shown that it is quite impracticable. The history of Napoleon I. conclusively proves this, and when the victor of Austerlitz exclaimed, "Si je n'étais Napoléon, je voudrais être Grégoire VII.," he only showed that for men of an iron will the laws of right and wrong have too frequently no existence. Such are, in a few words, the leading views developed in M. Langeron's volume; the book itself is well written, without the intemperance of language generally characteristic of historico-controversial productions, and it shows on the part of the author a careful study of historical documents.

The life of a man like Voltaire* could not perhaps be properly treated in any other manner than that which M. Gustave Desnoiresterres has selected; it naturally takes the form of a *recueil* of anecdotes rather than of a composition gravely written and aiming at artistic regularity. The very word "gravity" is out of place when speaking of Voltaire; what we want about him is plenty of gossip, of chit-chat, of amusing episodes, reflecting as much as possible the busy, dissipated life of the last century, and enabling us to form an opinion of those wits who by their brilliant epigrams were doing their best to bring about the destruction of the *ancien régime*. The style of M. Desnoiresterres reminds us of M. Walckenaër's in his *Mémoires sur la vie de Madame de Sévigné*; we have the same discursiveness, the same profusion of piquant details, the same Boswellian predilections. The biographer takes us to Potsdam, and invites us to examine for ourselves that band of eccentric philosophers who surrounded Frederick the Great and drilled him into free-thinking habits. D'Argens, Lamettrie, Polnitz, the Chevalier de Chasot, Mauptuis, Lord Tyrconnel, and Angliviel de la Beaumelle are the principal figures in this interesting volume, which terminates with the episode of Freytag and of the *œuvre de poésie du roi son maître*. On this particular occasion Voltaire, we are bound to acknowledge, was rather arbitrarily used by the *Sans-souci* Monarch, but the volume before us leaves but a poor impression of the author of *La Henriade*.

Is history †, after all, merely a sketch of the miseries inflicted upon the multitude by the passions of a few men? Is it, on the contrary, a divine poem written with the finger of God himself? Such, says M. Laurent, are the two views between which we are required to choose. Before making a selection, the author of *La Philosophie de l'Histoire* examines what mankind in various ages has thought on the question. The ancients, he says, believed in a kind of fatalism; the doctrine of Jesus Christ marked a step in advance, because it rested upon the idea of a divine Providence, but it was, our author considers, so far erroneous that it encouraged inaction on the part of man by leading him to trust too exclusively in God. The true key to a thorough understanding of the history of humanity resides, according to M. Laurent, in the idea of God's immanence. From that point of view alone we can explain the eternal conflict which is going on between passion and duty. It is an error, we are told, to accuse such a doctrine of making God the author of evil. Evil, indeed, is often productive of good, but how the evolution takes place is, and must ever be, a mystery for us; all that we can do is to state the fact, without pretending to explain it. The idea of a providential government does not suffice to create the philosophy of history; we must supplement it with the theory of progress, for if the human race is not looked upon as susceptible of education, history becomes an enigma which it is beyond our power to unravel. Now education supposes progress, and progress, if it seeks to hold its legitimate sway, must not adopt the course taken by the thinkers of the last century, who would fain have obliterated, in the name of self-styled philosophy, the whole mediæval epoch. After thus explaining his theory, M. Laurent glances at the various authors who have discussed the subject upon which he himself is engaged—Vico, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Renan, Herder, &c. The second and concluding book is devoted to a sketch of the history of progress as exemplified—1, in individuals; 2, in nationalities; 3, in international relations. The work we have thus briefly described is well worth attentive study, whatever opinion we may form of M. Laurent's theory.

In 1866 MM. Demogeot and Montucci, members of the French University ‡, were commissioned by their Government to visit

* *Histoire de la Restauration*. Par M. Louis de Viel-Castel. Vol. 13. Paris: Lévy.

† *Le général Vandamme et sa correspondance*. Par A. du Casse. Paris: Didier.

‡ *La France sous Napoléon III.* Par M. Évariste Bavoux. Paris: Plon.

§ *Grégoire VII et les origines de la doctrine ultramontaine*. Par Édouard Langeron. Paris: Lacroix.

* *Voltaire et Frédéric*. Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. Paris: Didier.

† *La Philosophie de l'Histoire*. Par F. Laurent. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *De l'Enseignement supérieur en Angleterre et en Écosse; rapport adressé à S. Ex. le ministre de l'Instruction publique*. Par MM. Demogeot et Montucci. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

England for the purpose of studying the educational system followed here, and of seeing whether and how far it could be successfully imitated on the other side of the Channel. One quarto volume devoted to grammar-schools, and full of interesting details, was published two years ago as the first-fruits of this inquiry; the second is now before us. It deals with the Universities of England and of Scotland; it appears very complete, and is evidently the result of careful inquiry. MM. Demogeot and Montucci do not think that there are many points in English University life which could be profitably imitated in France; but still both teachers and pupils might, they consider, take a few hints, and endeavour to make the University lectures of the Sorbonne somewhat more useful than they are at present. French professors speak too much as if they were addressing a set audience, and not teaching young men; hence the necessity they are under of always saying something new, and of aiming after effect. The discipline of University life is another important question examined in this report, and it is a subject in respect of which France is decidedly inferior to England. Would it be quite impossible to keep the Paris *étudiants* under some kind of restraint, and to teach them the art of self-government? The answer is doubtful, but the experiment might be worth trying.

M. de Beauchesne's volume* carries the reader back to the middle ages, and to the conversion of the German tribes to Christianity. It contains the life of St. Notburga, but it is more than a mere piece of hagiography, for it gives us historical details of a really valuable character. St. Notburga has long been popular in Germany; her legend may be found with sundry variations in a great many books, such as those of the brothers Grimm, Langbein, Millinger, Julius Sturm, &c. And yet, strange to say, the authors who have professed to write on ecclesiastical history are uniformly silent respecting the heroine of M. de Beauchesne's work; neither the Benedictines, nor the Bollandists, nor Baronius, nor the Magdeburg *centuriatores* have anything to say about a princess to whom the inhabitants of the valley of the Neckar were indebted for their civilization, and whose tomb was in ancient times an object of veneration for thousands of pilgrims. M. de Beauchesne has, therefore, supplied a desideratum in Church history, and his monograph, profusely illustrated with woodcuts, is a work of art, as well as an interesting contribution to the literature of the *Acta Sanctorum*.

Mr. Darwin may claim the credit of having kindled †, on the ground of natural science, as great a fire as that which a few generations ago covered the whole domain of astronomy. The great problem of the present day is not the relative position of the earth in the solar system, but the origin of the living creatures which our planet contains; and it is no exaggeration to say that Darwinism has given rise to a formidable library of pamphlets, disquisitions, and newspaper articles. The doctrine of Mr. Darwin, as M. de Quatrefages remarks, is hailed by some in the name of progress, whilst others condemn it in the name of religion. It is essentially a scientific theory; would it not have been better, therefore, to discuss it from the scientific point of view, without reference to questions of a theological nature? This is what M. de Quatrefages has done in the volume now before us, which consists of a collection of articles originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The distinguished naturalist whose work we are examining is no Darwinian, for he talks of *ce que cette doctrine a d'inacceptable*; but he aims at the strictest impartiality, and his estimate of the popular views on the origin of species commends itself by the thorough absence of that *odium theologicum* which so often disfigures the controversies of the present day. At the beginning of his work Mr. Darwin has given a list of the principal naturalists who, before him, have maintained ideas akin to his own on the origin of species. This list, however, is hardly anything more than a mere catalogue, and it does little towards showing the exact position of Darwinism in the history of natural science anterior to the publication of Mr. Darwin's celebrated work. This deficiency M. de Quatrefages has attempted to supply in a series of essays which are of the highest interest. The first part of his new volume contains a description of the theory, not only as stated by Mr. Darwin, but also as held by his predecessors, beginning with Buffon; the second part is taken up by a critique of that theory.

Several artists have lately obtained a kind of posthumous glory, and their names are once more before the public after having been almost forgotten. Albert Grisar is one of these. ‡ His reputation as a musical composer cannot be said to rest upon any works of transcendent merit, and the present generation knows very little about him; but if you question those who were young in 1836 or 1840, and who at that time frequented the Paris Opéra-Comique, they will immediately remind you of *Sarah*, *Lady Melvil*, *L'Eau merveilleuse*, and other productions which, without being distinguished by any great amount of genius, contained much melody, and left a pleasing impression behind them. As a composer of romances Albert Grisar was more remarkable still, and his celebrated song *La Folle* created quite a *furor* when it was first published. Grisar, therefore, deserved a place in the annals of musical art during the last thirty years, and we

are glad to see that he has met with so excellent a biographer as M. Arthur Pougin. It would have been absurd to represent him as a composer of the highest order, and M. Pougin has avoided the besetting sin of most biographers—namely, exaggeration; but a man may be remarkable without shining in the very first rank, and such, we think, was Grisar.

If the author of *La Folle* is comparatively unknown to the English public, the Danish sculptor Vilhelm Bissen* is still less familiar to us. M. Eugène Plon has, however, in a very interesting volume, shown that we ought to be acquainted with the works of that artist, and his narrative may be considered as a chapter in the history of the fine arts during the present century.

The letters of Gluck and Weber †, translated from the German of M. de Charnacé, deserve a passing notice. Our French neighbours had for some time been acquainted with the lives of Mozart and Beethoven, but they knew very little about the authors of *Armide* and of the *Freischütz*, although both these operas produced a revolution in Paris at the time when they respectively appeared, and transformed dramatic music most completely. We are glad, therefore, to welcome this little volume, containing, so to say, the declaration of the principles of Gluck and Weber so far as music is concerned, and explaining the manner in which they understood the composition of operatic music. Portraits and facsimiles are added to the book.

Amongst the works of fiction published recently very few deserve to be named. Let us mention an amusing account of the Crimean campaign, supposed to be written by a French Artilleryman. ‡ M. Hector Malot's novel, *Une Bonne Affaire*, is not a masterpiece of composition, but it has the merit of being readable; and Madame Juliette Lamber has, in her *Saine et Sauve* §, given proof of real talent.

* *Le sculpteur danois Vilhelm Bissen*. Par Eugène Plon. Paris: Plon.
† *Lettres de Gluck et de Weber*. Traduites par Guy de Charnacé. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Capoue en Crimée; épisodes par un Artilleur*. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Une Bonne Affaire*. Par Hector Malot. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Saine et sauve*. Par Juliette Lamber. Paris: Lévy.

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* *La Vie et la Légende de Madame Ste.-Notburg*. Par M. de Beauchesne. Paris: Plon.

† *Charles Darwin et ses précurseurs français; étude sur le transformisme*. Par A. de Quatrefages. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Albert Grisar; étude artistique*. Par Arthur Pougin. Paris and London: Machelette & Co.